SOMETHING MORE THAN PRINT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 106. [PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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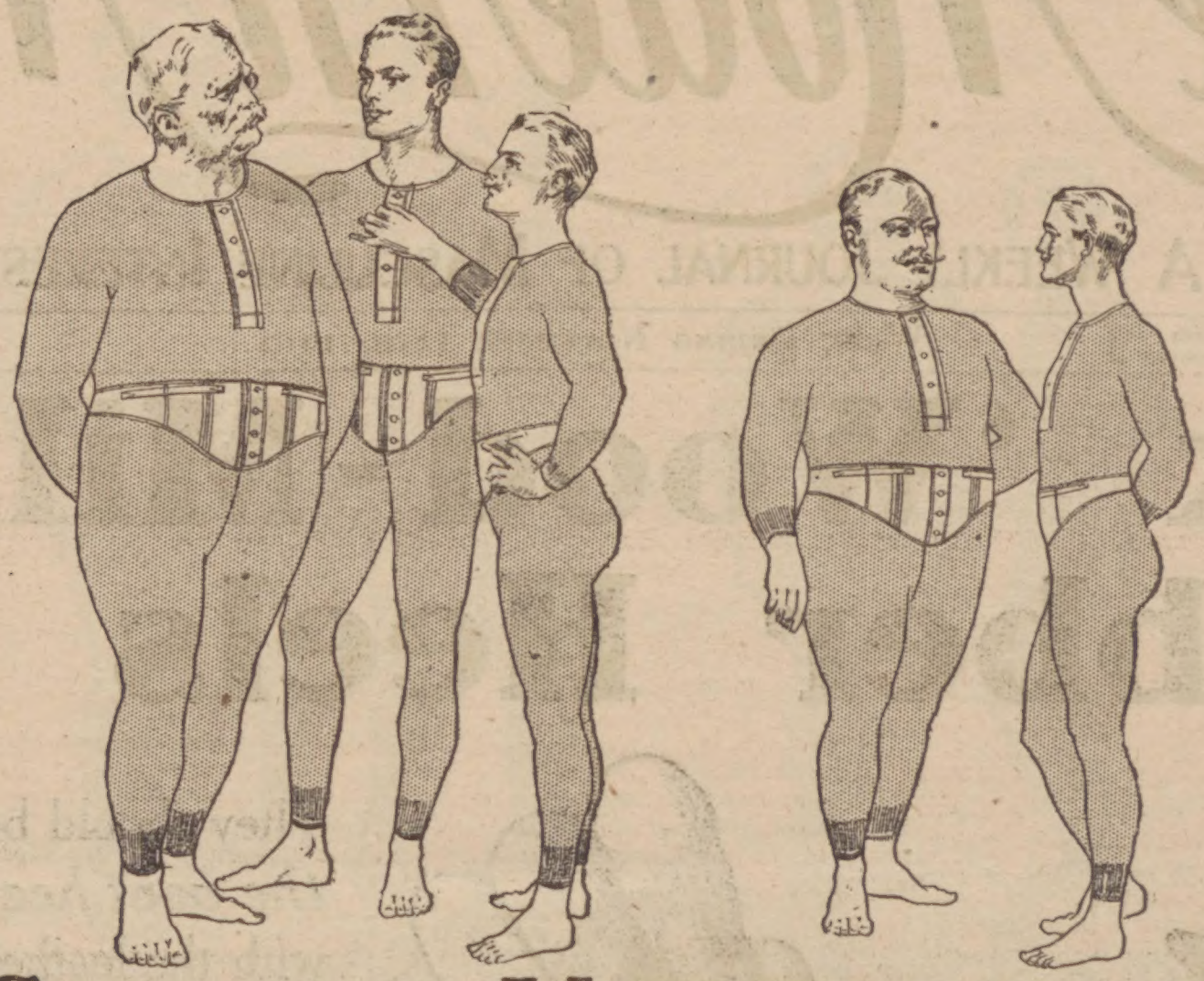

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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 106. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 12TH, 1910. ONE PENNY.

TEETOTAL DRINKS.

Having just read the leading article of a temperance paper, you happen to visit a London playhouse. The theatre is close beside, and feeling thirsty, you anxiously await the interval, when you hope to take refreshment.

When that time comes, you proceed to the saloon and, bearing in mind all that you have recently read on the evils of alcohol, you order a glass of—say, lemonade.

The friend on your right planks down two-pence for his glass of bitter, but when your own turn comes, fourpence or even sixpence is demanded for a drink which, to judge by its ingredients should be cheaper. Moreover, the drink proves gassy and unpleasant.

If the teetotal advocates would exert their influence to secure a regular and moderate price being charged for their drinks instead of issuing so many harrowing descriptions of the evils wrought in exceptional cases by alcohol, they would do their cause incalculably more good.

Now for the drink itself. There is not a decent, cold teetotal drink save water within the reach of the man in the street. Mineral waters are nearly all gassy—those that are not are insipid.

Any new drink brought out as a temperance beverage is a mere imitation of an intoxicant. It is always the nearest approach the manufacturer can get to beer, without introducing the satisfying element. A name resembling ale, wine, or beer is often introduced into the title as if to "kid" the customer that he is imbibing the real thing.

To be successful in their object, the temperance party must bring out entirely new drinks with equally new names, and until they can do this, their sole policy should not be to condemn the only drinkable liquors obtainable.

SOME JUGGINSES.

The man who carries about on him a select assortment of "Guides to the Turf," "Horses to Follow," "Easy Systems," etc.

The exquisite who would sooner die than smoke a pipe in the street.

The man whose walls are plastered with photographs of actresses who don't know him.

The man who chokes himself with a three-and-a-half-inch collar because he thinks it is the fashion.

The genius who never by any chance says "mother" and "father" instead of "mater" and "pater."

The man who drinks whisky when he doesn't like it.

CHEEK.

When "M. A. P." talks of "Blackmail Exposures," we hope it is not referring to Jack Johnson in his bath.

* * *

Says Lord Dunsany, "The age has chosen its schoolmaster; and its schoolmaster is the Press." He is evidently thinking of "formes" and "stick" paragraphs.

* * *

The Rev. A. J. Waldron says that "We can create almost anything by thinking." If this column does not appear next week, you will know that all our time has been given to strenuous thinking—to create a ten-pound note.

* * *

The St. Pancras School for Mothers has appointed a sort of district-visitor called the "Pudding Lady." We hope that no nasty, rude working-women ever tell her to go and boil herself.

* * *

"Flat Mystery" reads an "Evening News" headline. The papers overdo them so much that most of these mysteries are, nowadays.

* * *

A contemporary describes Miss Gertrude Kingston's Little Theatre as a "little gem." We hope the plucky lady manager will not find it equally costly.

* * *

In describing how drapers ruin women, Mr. James Douglas says "It is a petty tragedy." He really means a petticoat tragedy, we suppose.

* * *

Ex-Sergeant-Major Edmondson, in a recent work, makes a violent attack on Lord Roberts. Although he believes in taking the shilling, he evidently does not favour Bobs.

* * *

"Which is the Real Football?" inquires a popular weekly. [Now, then, sports outfitters, not *all* at once, please.]

* * *

"You don't fall in love with a person because he's good," says Mr. E. F. Benson. "Yes, you do," observed Totty Trippit, "you fall in love with him because he's good—at making love."

* * *

Sadler, jun., has a fine horse in training called My Collar. One of these days, you'll see, he'll go to the stud."

* * *

Does angling have the result of making men liars, or do only liars go angling?

J. S. Cox.

NÉGLIGÉ DRESS.

There is nothing that most of us enjoy more, after a long spell of hard work, than to get into loose clothes and slack about for a spell. To take one's leisure in new trousers, with a masterpiece of creasing in them, is not to take leisure at all.

We like to feel that whether we lie back and cross our legs, or whether we let our pipe turn round and drop ashes on to our knees, it doesn't matter.

Perhaps this helps to explain why an old shooting jacket, a pair of loose flannel bags, patched at the knee, and slippers that have seen better days comprise the ideal "lounge suit" for the average man.

A BOON TO GOLFERS.

Every golfer knows that the Royal and Ancient game is the one in which it is most difficult to keep up one's form, for even so little as a week's inaction is enough to make a man "fall off." Here is a dodge which will enable you to practise many important departments of golf in your own home, and at very little cost.

Get a piece of stout green baize, about four or five feet square. Clear a room of all breakable and cumbrous objects, and tack down the baize on the floor, for preference uncarpeted, stretching it fairly tightly to prevent it from wrinkling.

First of all you will be able to study straightness in driving. Draw a straight line in chalk on the baize, from the spot where your "ball" (a piece of paper rolled up is best) is tee'd in the direction of an imaginary hole, and also a foot or so behind it in the other direction.

Swing your driver slowly up and down, noting carefully the angle it makes with the chalked line. For your drive to be straight, it should be at right angles.

Now a word about putting. Here again, if you are to play an accurate putt, the head of your putter *must* be at right angles to the chalked line at the moment of striking the ball.

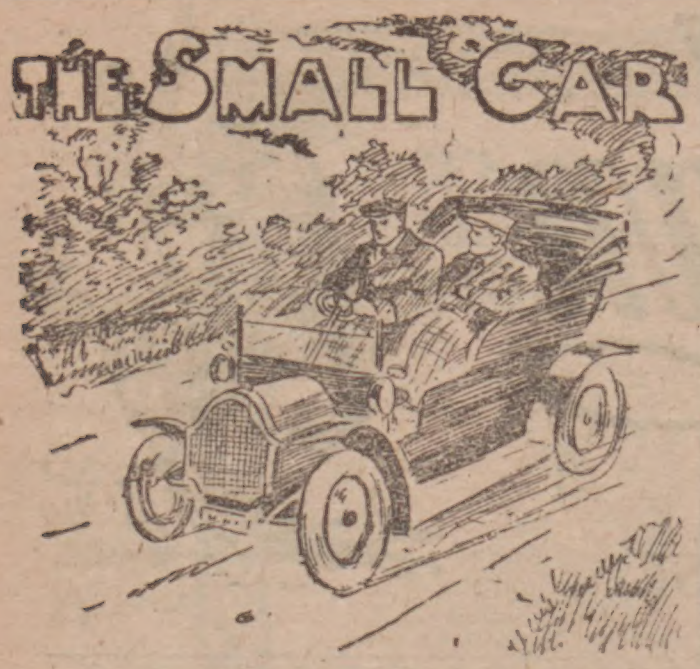
See whether this is so.

If not, the reason is either that your feet are wrong, or that you are pushing your arms out or pulling them in.

It is said among experts that the points to be remembered in playing a stroke at golf are as many as forty-two, but we pity the man who allows his mind to ponder over them in the course of a match.

But undisturbed in his room, with no one to deride his efforts to learn, he can think of those points—or at any rate, most of them—to his considerable advantage.

THE SMALL CAR



HOW EXPENSES MAY BE KEPT DOWN.

It was announced recently that a French firm is contemplating putting on the market a car priced at £50, and although one may wish that a British firm had taken the lead in this respect, it will be welcome news to many, especially those country-dwellers who have not the taxi at their beck and call and who are perhaps some distance from a railway station.

The man who is accustomed to the high-powered car will be inclined to sniff at such a venture, but it will open up the sport of motoring—for it *is* a sport of the first order—to those who at present have to be content to walk or cycle and to grumble about "road hogs" and so on. Their view is very much that of a friend of the writer who remarked as a motor-car passed in a cloud of dust—"Nasty, beastly things—I wish I had one!"

The small £50 car, when it arrives—and like the cheap and good bicycle it was bound to come—will be cheap in more ways than one. There will be no temptation to exceed the speed limit, for twelve miles an hour will be about the highest speed possible.

But the small car is mainly to be recommended to the man of limited means by the small cost of upkeep. It is not in many cases the capital expenditure on the purchase of a car that a man is afraid of, but the bill for tyres, petrol, and repairs.

Most people have a greatly exaggerated idea of what this amounts to in the case of a small car. With a big, high-powered car the incidental expenses increase out of proportion to its size, and tyres that might last a heavy, fast-running car for three months will often last a small car for over a year.

It is impossible to give any reliable statistics of the cost of upkeep since there are so many details to be taken into consideration besides the make of the car, but the point is that it is by no means safe to take the cost of running a large car and reduce it in proportion to the price paid.

The great essential in keeping down the cost is that the owner should understand how to undertake small repairs himself, and that the car should be one of standard make, of which duplicate parts are easily obtained.

There are already several reliable two-seated; two-cylinder cars with two speeds and reverse on the market and when this article appears others will no doubt be on the stands at Olympia.

A car of this type does not involve the keeping of that expensive luxury, the chauffeur, and can give all the joys of motoring and motor-owning at a figure which is within the reach of many who are at present too ambitious to think of anything with less than four cylinders.

You must take motoring as a sport and not a means of showing off if you want to enjoy it.

R. CARTER.

MEN AND THEIR TYPISTS.

A PROBLEM OF MODERN COMMERCE.

The publicity recently given to the intrigue between the murderer Crippen and his typist, Ethel Le Neve, brings public attention to the whole question of the relationship between a man and his typist.

When women first came into the field as typewriter-operators, there was a loud outcry against them, it being alleged that they were taking the bread out of the mouths of men who had hitherto been doing this work.

As a matter of fact, the advent of the woman typist came hand-in-hand with the wider use of the typewriter; she deprived no one of a job, for in most cases she was imported into the office at the same time as the machine itself.

Moreover, a woman secretary is, in many ways, better than a man secretary. A man typist considers that there are a hundred details which are not his work, which are beneath him, and so forth, but the lady typist looks above all things to the efficiency of her department, and she possesses that knack of anticipating the wishes of the employer for whom she works which no man can acquire.

I mention these facts to show that the lady typist is a permanent institution. The very fact that she is permanent, that she is now a regular part of commercial life, makes the question of her relationship with her employer the more important.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

It is not often that one finds a lady typist being insulted in any way by her employer, for a man who has the faintest instincts of a gentleman realises the fact that the girl who attends to his correspondence, and generally looks after his business interests, has as much right to his protection as his sister has.

Several cases can be cited of men, prominent to-day in the world of business in London, who have married their typists, but that is a different matter. It is very seldom that one hears of an intrigue being carried on between a business man and his lady secretary.

On the other hand, there are some women engaged in this profession who deliberately enter the world of business in the hope of capturing a husband. In their case the danger signal is more or less apparent, and the clerks, the employer, and all other men who come in contact with them, are generally warned in time.

Nevertheless, it is necessary for a business man to treat his typist at all times not only with respect and courtesy, but also, in many cases, with caution.

THE TYPIST'S FATHER.

A girl who was in my employ as a shorthand-typist was excellent in every way at her work, but happened to be the possessor of rather a hot temper.

She was earning good money, and considered she had the right to more freedom than her parents saw fit to give her. One night she went to a theatre with a friend, and returned home shortly after eleven o'clock, to find the door bolted against her.

Instead of ringing the bell and knocking until she was admitted, she went off to a railway station and spent the night sitting in the waiting-room. She returned home in the early morning. Her father asked her where she had been, and, without giving her an opportunity to answer, ordered her out of the house, and told her never to come back.

She related the whole story to me next morning with tears in her eyes, and she further warned me that her father was likely to call upon me to try to secure her dismissal. In the afternoon he did so, and I saw him privately.

The girl was, of course, in difficulty as to what she should do, and asked my advice. She told me she had a friend, an old maiden lady, with whom she could make a temporary home, and I advised her to do so. She begged me not to give the address to her father, because he would only go and make trouble.

When the girl's father came, one of the first things he asked me was her address. As a matter of fact, I did not remember it, and I should not have told him if I had, for I did not like him very much.

PROOF OF INNOCENCE.

"You won't give me my daughter's address?" he shouted. "Then I see what she is, and what you are!"

He then made some very objectionable insinuations.

I explained to him that I had never been alone in the room with this girl, as my manager had always occupied a desk close to mine.

I came out of that very unpleasant episode without further trouble, but it illustrates the sort of difficulty in which a man may find himself.

As a matter of fact, this girl shortly afterwards resigned to take up a better position, and I have since heard that she has returned to the, once more, friendly arms of her parents, and that she is about to be married.

Here was the case of a girl who was perfectly straight, but whose presence in an office was a danger, owing to the suspicions of her father.

I have heard of cases where an employer has been blackmailed by the father of his typist with no more grounds for suspicion than in the case I have related.

I think I have mentioned enough to show the need for a man to be at all times careful in his relationship with his typist, or with any other lady with whom he does business.

A GIRL'S CROSS ROADS.

It is equally necessary for the girls themselves to be cautious.

Another typist whom I employed came to me one day with the information that a girl employed in a business house next door had stopped her in the street and informed her that her employer would like to engage her.

I asked her what she thought about it.

"I told her I would tell you," she replied. "What could he know about my speeds, or what I can do? I don't mean to have anything to do with him."

It is unpleasant to have working for you anyone who feels that he or she could do better elsewhere, and I told the girl to call on her would-be employer and make enquiries.

She did so, and gave me a report of the interview. It appeared that he had seen her several times, and felt quite sure she would find a position with him more pleasant than one with me. He admitted that he didn't worry much about her speeds at shorthand and typewriting, as he was sure a girl such as she was must be sharp. Salary would be arranged, and he was sure they wouldn't quarrel about that.

She *didn't* think.

These cases show the dangers to which a business girl who is earning her living in London is exposed. There is need for her to walk warily, and there is equal need for her employer to be careful.

G. DODDS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

MR PENTLAND'S LUNCH INTERVAL

By E. WADE LANG.

It is well known that the more regular a person's habits are, the more respectable he is likely to be. Mr. Pentland was a regular man.

Without particularising in detail his methodical comings and goings, suffice it to say that for two-and-twenty years he had been the faithful servant of a venerable firm of City merchants who held custom to be a sacred thing; and that now he was their confidential secretary in receipt of a substantial income.

He was a bachelor; a cheerful, active, well-groomed man of forty, with a healthy skin, firm and pleasant lips beneath a tidy moustache, and eyes of a pronounced steel-blue. He was also, according as circumstances dictated, a burglar, thief, or housebreaker of the most daring and unscrupulous order.

It was his rule, in the luncheon interval, to emerge from his private room precisely at a quarter to one, returning thereto, as precisely, ninety minutes later.

By so doing he distinguished himself from the rest of the common staff, who, while enjoying a similar generous allowance, were absent between one and two-thirty. And at the same time he had a quiet quarter of an hour, secure from interruption, in which to attend to any little private matters which were nobody's concern but his own.

He patronised habitually a small but exclusive restaurant, about five minutes' walk away, where he met other cheerful and perfectly respectable business gentlemen. They lunched and chatted, and afterwards descended to the snugly-appointed coffee-room, where some played dominoes and some played chess, and others—including Mr. Pentland—looked on.

Mr. Pentland regretted that he had no leisure to spare for such engrossing recreations. Many of the gentlemen played on till late in the afternoon; and he, as has been indicated, was enslaved to unyielding routine. At two o'clock he always got up in order to take a short constitutional ere returning to his regular duties.

During the luncheon interval of a certain Monday, Mr. Pentland was watching a game of chess, to all appearances exceedingly interested in the play, but actually far more interested in one of the players.

The gentleman in question was Mr. Bernard Normacot. He was a dealer in precious stones, and he occupied offices in the same building as the firm employing Mr. Pentland, and on the same floor.

It was the second floor; and as the premises were ancient and musty, the remaining suites of offices were at the time unlet. Mr. Normacot's two rooms were at the end of the passage, just beyond the staircase—as it were filling the spare corner. He travelled about a good deal, and only employed a pasty-faced young clerk named Johnson to attend to inquiries.

There was a circumstance connected with those two rooms not without significance for Mr. Pentland. In them one could distinctly hear the footsteps of anyone ascending from the floor below or descending from the floor above.

He had noticed the fact when calling in upon Mr. Normacot some weeks previously, to ask him to value an old ring he possessed. He had also noticed that, laid out on Mr. Normacot's desk, were several little leather packets, two of which were unwrapped.

And there, sparkling on the white silk lining of each—shimmering, iridescent, and altogether delightful—was a tiny collection of diamonds! "Sufficient to fill a good-sized thimble!" thought Mr. Pentland.

It was impossible not to detect a poetical affinity between the dual incidents!

The tenth commandment already broken—for he coveted those diamonds most sinfully—Mr. Pentland unrepentantly determined to break also the sixth, as soon as he could manufacture the opportunity.

He took stock of the safe. It was a small safe, superlatively strong. Mr. Pentland estimated that it would take at least six hours to open it, and even that would not be achieved without a dangerous degree of noise. He had an artistic objection to noise, and danger he believed in eliminating to the minutest possible fraction. So simpler methods were clearly desirable.

He delicately developed a warmer friendliness for Mr. Normacot. Occasionally he dropped in on setting out for lunch to ask Mr. Normacot if he were ready to start, too. And one day Mr. Normacot went to wash his hands, leaving his bunch of keys suspended from the inner steel drawer of the safe.

Promptly—indeed with extraordinary swiftness and stealth—for Johnson, the clerk, was in the adjoining office—Mr. Pentland took a wax impression of the key of the drawer and of the safe-key as well; and when Mr. Normacot reappeared he was just rising from his chair, politely masking a yawn.

"Jove!" he smiled; "hurry up! Hunger is giving me the gapes."

A duplicate latchkey obtained—the easiest task imaginable—nothing now remained but to contrive that he should have a full minute in Mr. Normacot's sanctum, alone and undisturbed. It was necessary, however, to accomplish this in the luncheon interval, for at night Mr. Normacot invariably carried away with him his valuable property in a hand-bag, and deposited it in the strong-room of the hotel where he resided. (Mr. Pentland was an expert at eliciting information of this kind without revealing the remotest anxiety to know.)

So on the certain Monday already mentioned, Mr. Pentland, while apparently an engrossed spectator of the game of skill taking place before his eyes, was contemplating a game of skill of an entirely different description.

He had merely to get rid of Johnson, the custodian of the office while his master was out, and all the rest would be plain sailing. Mr. Normacot was safe for at least another hour, if precedent was anything to be relied upon. And in any event, the sound of feet upon the stairs would provide a timely warning . . . .

At two o'clock exactly he rose. From the stand by the door he abstracted by what may be called deliberate accident Mr. Normacot's umbrella instead of his own. Then he proceeded without haste to a tube-station in the vicinity, entered a telephone call-box and gave a number.

"Er—Johnson," he began, imitating Mr. Normacot's voice and manner of address very successfully. "I want you. I'm at London Bridge railway station, in the booking-hall. Just pop on your hat and catch a 'bus down."

He hung up, not even waiting for a reply; and, still at a leisurely pace, made his way back to the offices, arriving at the lower flight of stairs at twelve minutes past two.

Imperturbably he climbed them, taking a latch-key out of his waistcoat pocket as he did so. Another flight—and instead of turning to the right along the passage, he moved noiselessly to the left.

He had both hands ready—the umbrella tucked under his arm—one hand to insert the key in the latch, the other to twist the knob lower down. As a provisional precaution, in case Johnson had not gone, he twisted the knob first, and gently pushed.

The door gave!

Conscious of a twinge of disappointment, but not a whit disconcerted, he re-pocketed the key and unhesitatingly walked in.

At the same moment a man who had been standing slightly to the side of the doorway, struck him a violent blow across the ear with some smooth hard weapon.

Mr. Pentland's top-hat fell off. Also he dropped the umbrella. He was considerably surprised. It would not be an exaggeration to say that he was considerably frightened.

But he uttered no sound. He turned like a flash, guarded another blow from the thick ebony ruler, wrenched it away, and with a vice-like clutch of each of the attacker's wrists, drew him up close almost in the attitude of supplication, and inspected him. His jaw was set in a cruel curve; his teeth were visible; the eyes pin-points of flame. He looked, for the instant, like a tiger.

"Don't you touch me!" gasped his captive. "Don't you touch me!"

He squirmed to get free, reading murder in the yellowish eyes.

"I know you," he gasped. "You're a thief! You thought to get me out of the road! You thought I was Johnson!"

He was not Johnson. He was sturdier, shorter, rounder-faced, with probably a ruddier complexion when not, as at present, blanched with terror and excitement.

"From what I can see," hissed Mr. Pentland, "you're a madman!"

There was something inexplicable here—a perilous, unexpected contingency which he had completely failed to provide for.

"No, I ain't mad! I'm left in charge. You intended to send me off on a fool's errand, you did. Made your mistake in thinking—Leggo my wrists!" he panted. "I'll shriek if you don't!"

For answer Mr. Pentland released one wrist, wound an arm round his neck, and pressed a hand firmly over his mouth, bending his face backwards.

"Who are you, then?" he demanded in an undertone.

A mumbling sound in reply reminded him that the youth could not answer with his speaking orifice stopped. He removed his hand temporarily.

"I'm Banks. Johnson's left. I——"

Explanation was unkindly cut short. Mr. Pentland required a moment in which to reflect.

So this was what had happened! A new clerk; and in telephoning he had called him Johnson, and thus spoiled one of his best-laid plans! It was a bit of bad luck, but it could not be helped.

One of the secrets of Mr. Pentland's criminal success was his gift of rising to an emergency. He rose to this one.

"Listen to me, young man," he said, not relaxing his embrace a particle; "your behaviour is odd to say the least of it. I came in here simply to leave an umbrella of Mr. Normacot's, one that I had taken inadvertently in place of mine, and you forthwith make a savage attack on me. Now, I know Mr. Normacot; I could hardly do otherwise seeing that we are in business in the very same corridor; and I know by sight his clerk. *You* are not that clerk, anyhow. You are either mad, or you have entered these premises for an unlawful purpose."

More mumbling, which he coldly disregarded.

"It is to Mr. Normacot that you must render an account of yourself. He is more than a casual acquaintance, he is my friend; and I feel I am justified in placing you in safe confinement while I fetch him. You will please come along to my office. If you struggle it will only confirm my impression that you are a desperate character, and I shall be forced to send for the police."

The change to the severe and conscientious gentleman was admirably done. Pausing merely to pick up and put on his hat, he propelled the astonished and inarticulate Banks down the passage, through his office, and into the small lavatory at the back, where he locked him in.

"He won't shout," reflected Mr. Pentland; "he'll be far too busy wondering where his amateur detective proclivities were at fault. . . . So now . . ." The last words were softly whispered.

He stood for a moment listening in the passage.

The door of Mr. Normacot's room was still open; and no one was ascending or descending the stairs. The time was eighteen minutes past two.

At twenty minutes past Mr. Pentland descended to the street, and walking a trifle more rapidly than usual, set off in the direction of the restaurant where he lunched.

On the way he dropped into a letter-box a largish envelope addressed to himself at his private domicile—an envelope containing two little leather packets, the contents of which may readily be guessed. Reposing in the safe, to replace them, were two other little leather packets, outwardly identical, but possessing no contents at all.

A few yards further on he stooped to tighten his boot-lace, and let fall into a drain three keys for which he had no more use.

That done he made his way to the restaurant with a surprised air. Hastily casting a glance around as he entered the door, he made his way to the coffee-room downstairs, where chess and dominoes were still in progress.

Then he hastened to acquaint Mr. Normacot with (a portion of) what had recently transpired.

He was both surprised and relieved to learn that the youth in question was in truth his friend's clerk.

"Then what on earth made him assault me like that?" was his amazed query. "You had better come and see whether he is suffering from a brain-storm."

* * * * * * *

The robbery was, and still is, a mystery. Mr. Normacot did not discover his loss till the evening, and then he was utterly unable to conceive how, when, or where it could have happened.

Of course, there was the mysterious telephone message, but Scotland Yard were of opinion it was intended as a blind. You see, the safe was intact, and evidence of any intruder was nil.

Fortunately, however, Mr. Normacot was insured.

PHOTO-TAKING AND PHOTO-MAKING

A HOBBY THAT IS ALWAYS IN SEASON.

When winter approaches, the man who has been debating whether to invest, for the first time, in a camera, usually postpones his purchase until a "more suitable" season; but the older hand, though he realises that light and scenery are scarce, does not dream of putting aside his tried friend.

Right through the cold of December, even the cyclist may be seen, with his neat black camera securely strapped to the back carrier of his machine, looking out for a good landscape of snow-clad hills, or a homely winter scene at the door of some old country cottage.

Being a cyclist, he probably carries a film camera, but to the man who is not keen on spinning through strange counties, except in a comfortable railway train, weight is a matter of minor importance. Ease and results are the points to which he pays most heed, so, being a wise man and knowing his own limitations, he buys a plate camera.

Quarter-plate is the best size to get. Half-plate is too large and bulky, and odd sizes invariably present difficulties where a fresh supply of plates, frames, paper, and utensils are needed.

As regards the choice of a picture, I believe most amateurs commence operations on a near relative or a friend—often with disastrous results. It is far more advisable to start on a harmless landscape or even the garden.

Animals, too, come in for their share of torture when the master of the house comes home one evening laden with a strange black box, bottles, and sundry parcels. But dogs, cats, and canaries present difficulties even when confronted by the professional.

When a novice cannot resist the temptation of obtaining a negative of a friend, he should beware of window portraits; they are the most difficult indoor photographs of all.

If money is no object, the novice should not attempt to manufacture his own developer. It is far more satisfactory to buy a ready-made concoction, so avoiding the smells and stains which usually accompany the efforts of the amateur chemist. For solution, hydroquinone makes an excellent developer.

At first, the plates used should not be too rapid. Speed is not an important point unless contributions to the Press are contemplated.

One point to guard against, in the dark-room, is hurry. Many otherwise successful negatives are utterly spoilt by a too brief immersion in the hypo bath.

Some judgment should be exercised in the choice of P.O.P. A mauve paper will generally give the most pleasing effects, and with a reliable combined toning and fixing solution all manner of tints may be obtained.

B. ALDON.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE MET.

II.—MORNINGTON CANNON.

Our greatest jockey since Fred Archer got his Christian name through the fact that on the day he was born—May 21, 1873—his father, the famous trainer, won the Bath and Somersetshire Stakes with a horse called "Mornington."

"Morny" and his elder brother, Tom, learned the rudiments of riding on a donkey, from which they were promoted to a pony, rejoicing in the homely name of "Dobbin."

The two lads were strictly brought up, but they were a couple of regular "pickles." They once had a rather exciting interview with their father when he discovered that most of his best cigars had disappeared.

The "old man," however, tempered justice with mercy. He promised them £100 apiece if neither would smoke again until his eighteenth birthday, and both honourably won the money.

"Morny's" professional education began at the age of fourteen, his "schoolmaster" being "Duke of Parma," a former Cesarewitch winner.

His first public appearance was in a five-furlong scurry at Kempton Park. He rode without whip or spurs, and it was not until some time after that he was allowed the use of either. He might have made a more promising début, for, as a cold unromantic fact, he finished an absolute last.

In 1887 the future idol of the racing public scored his first win at Salisbury on a horse called "Flint."

Mornington Cannon was a first-rate jockey, dowered with beautiful "hands" and a wonderful knowledge of pace. But he was more than a jockey, he was a great horseman.

His seat was the perfection of ease and grace combined with strength. He was master of his horse—so many modern jockeys can only do what their mount will let them. He had a perfect control of his temper, due no doubt to the fact that from an early age "Morny" was taught boxing.

No vicious or wayward horses ever succeeded in making Mornington Cannon lose his temper, and master of himself, he was, as I have said, master of them.

Then, of course, he was "straight." From first to last there was never a breath of suspicion against his probity off and on the course.

Once, if my memory serves me, he was guilty of a technical foul in a race, but to mark their sense of the fairness of his riding on all occasions, the Stewards publicly declared it an accident, though nominally he had to be disqualified.

He was dashing, but he never ran stupid risks. Nevertheless, he met with at least one bad accident.

This was in the Great Metropolitan Stakes when striking into another horse he was badly thrown and picked up insensible. A policeman put him across his horse, but on the way back the horse shied and Morny took another toss.

One of his most memorable victories was on the outsider "Throstle" in the Leger of 1894, but his most exciting race was the Newmarket Stakes in 1901, when he won on "William the Third," "heads" separating the first four.

Oddly enough, despite his skill and opportunities, he only won the Derby once—on "Flying Fox."

To-day he leads the life of a well-to-do country gentleman and sportsman. He is a very popular figure in the hunting-field, where he is always splendidly mounted. His love of cricket, too, is well known.

A great horseman, a clean sportsman, and a man of irreproachable honour, Mornington Cannon will long be remembered as an ornament to the Turf and sport at large.

P. T. MASSINGER.

AN AFTERNOON AMONG PIGEONS

BRISK SPORT IN THE WOOD.

On a crisp, clear, winter afternoon there is no man I am more glad to see than my neighbour and landlord, the farmer.

It is in one of his cottages that I have found a country snuggery, and, for a trifling rent, he has done, on my suggestion, many things which have turned the cottage into a miniature country house with as many attractive features as any stately home.

He knows that I am keen on shooting, and when, after dinner the other day—we all have dinner early in the country, and by one, or half-past one it is past and forgotten—I heard the latch of the little white gate give a familiar click, I looked up and out anxiously.

STARTING OFF.

I half expected him, for he had promised me an afternoon among the pigeons soon.

His land is hilly and in places abounds in fir and larch plantations where the pigeons come in regularly to roost.

I was up and out like a shot, but he, with his longer experience, advised a coat or cape, for, he said, it will be chilly while waiting in our hiding-places for the birds.

And so I threw over my shoulders a loose cape that proved afterwards to be none too heavy or too warm.

Setting off together along the road, we had time to take a roundabout way to the woods in the hope of getting other sport.

Field leads to field for many a mile around here, and we can wander along the side of a brook and round old hedges without once crossing a road or meeting a soul.

Envious carters, sitting on the top of loaded carts, now and then passed at a distance, whistling and shouting to each other from their high perches, and probably envying us our guns and our leisure.

SPORT BY THE WAY.

Stepping cautiously along the hedges, on the alert for rabbits sitting out in the still afternoon, we found ample opportunities for sport.

My friend, knowing, I verily believe, every rabbit hole on his estate, was the first to kill.

The second shot also was his and was equally successful.

And so we walked easily along, now killing and sometimes missing—until within a short distance of the plantations.

These lay behind rough land, on which holly and furze grew in clumps, and afforded us ample cover.

Here we separated, each taking up a stand within range of clumps of thick firs, and commanding shots on either hand.

The stillness of the scene, the fragrant air, and the many birds in the woods around all contributed to the pleasure of the hour.

THE SOUNDS OF THE WOOD.

The woods seemed to be given up to the squirrels and the magpies. Jays, too, occasionally sent their harsh chatter echoing through the woods, and streams of rooks passed high overhead to some distant roosting-place.

Then, suddenly, there was a crashing echo through the woods as the first shot was fired.

Two birds had come with a swift and confident flight right towards my stand, and fearing to lose both I made sure of one.

All I saw after pulling the trigger was a puff of feathers floating away on the light air; and I heard the plop of the bird falling dead on the open ground.

Almost immediately afterwards two shots rang out from my friend's hiding-place, and I would have bet anything to nothing that he had killed with both.

But there was no time to speculate on his luck, for now, in the first hour of mist and deeper stillness the pigeons came along in large numbers.

Both guns spoke constantly. Now and then a bird would carry the charge until right over the wood, and then would come down, dropping from branch to branch and landing among the leaves.

OUR BAG.

In some minutes the echo of the gun scarcely died away as we were kept busily at work, shooting as fast as we were able to load.

And then there came a lull. All the birds seemed to have had warning, and for many minutes not one came near.

It was growing dusk, but my watch was not for a moment relaxed until a footstep behind made me turn. There was my friend, loaded with seven brace of birds, and inquiring how I had fared.

Four and a half brace was my total—not bad, I thought, for an unpractised hand whose shooting chances are few and far between.

And so we walked back easily, our guns thrown over our shoulders, for it was too dark to be sure of our aim; and our big pockets heavy with the spoils.

H. TARNWORTH.

ABOUT DRAWING.

No, this is not a paragraph on art; so stop, all you readers who cannot limn even the simplest subject, before you skip it in contempt. It is intended to help you when you come across a cigar, pipe, or what not, that, like yourself, does not draw.

In the case of a cigar, it is often that the leaf has been too tightly rolled. Press it between your finger and thumb. If this is of no avail, a small nick with a penknife at the end which goes into the mouth will probably do the trick. But if not, examine the outer leaf to see if there is a hole in it, and if so, stick a tiny piece of stamp-paper over it.

If your pipe won't draw, run something down the stem. A lady's hatpin does the trick admirably, if you can get hold of one. If there is no obstruction, you have packed the tobacco too tightly. Stab it once or twice with a penknife, and then it will probably draw all right.

When a cigarette won't draw, you can be fairly sure that there is a tiny hole somewhere in the paper; so it is a good plan to keep a packet of papers by you, and wind another round it.

STYLE OVER A DISTANCE.

HOW TO SCORE OVER FOUR AND TEN MILES.

One of the greatest fallacies in the sporting world, and one of the most prevalent, is that if a man can give another ten yards in a hundred he ought to concede him 176 in a mile. Proportionately, with regard to distance, this is correct, but in practice it is wrong.

The reason is that races over a hundred yards and a mile are totally different forms of exercise. A man may be first-rate at both; but if so, he is only in the same position as the man who has got his Blue for both cricket and Rugby football.

It is our purpose here to describe the important points that go to make up the "stylist" over distances of four to ten miles.

Unlike the sprinter, who likes to be as heavy as possible, within reason, he trains down so as not to have to carry too much weight in his long-distance race. His stride is springy, fairly high, and is about six feet on an average.

When his pace is fairly speedy, he does not allow his heels to touch the ground, and in springing forward from one foot to another he makes as much use as possible of his ankle and the muscles of his foot, and gives a smart push-off with the big toe at the moment of leaving the ground.

It is easily understood from this that a good development of the calf-muscles is much to be desired, and those on the front of the thighs should not be forgotten. When going slowly it is often restful to the whole body to allow the heels to touch the ground.

In weight-throwing, long jumping, and some other branches of athletics, a mathematical truth is duly recognised and followed which is, strangely enough, disregarded in the case of long-distance running.

To throw any weight as far as possible, we project it at an angle of about 45 degrees. It will go further at this angle than any other.

Why not, then, put this rule into practice on the track?

Of course, in sprinting, we have no time to wait while our body comes to the ground again, but in races over long distances we have. Let us, therefore, leave the ground, at every step, with our body projected at an angle of 45 degrees.

A well-known authority on running, discussing the subject of track-racing, says that in races of between 100 yards and 4 miles, one's step should gradually increase in height until the angle of 45 degrees has been attained.

Next in importance to this angle, comes the amount of work performed by the muscles of the calf. This is necessitated by the fact that in one's faster bursts one *must* run on the toes, so straining the calf muscles.

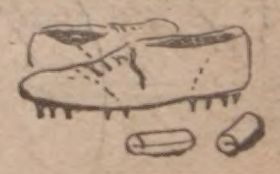
This may be proved at any time by simple experiment. Stand on the toes for some moments and notice the straining of the calf muscles. In a four or ten miles' race this must tell.

Now and then, when not very hard pressed, run flat-footed for a while, so as to rest those calf muscles.

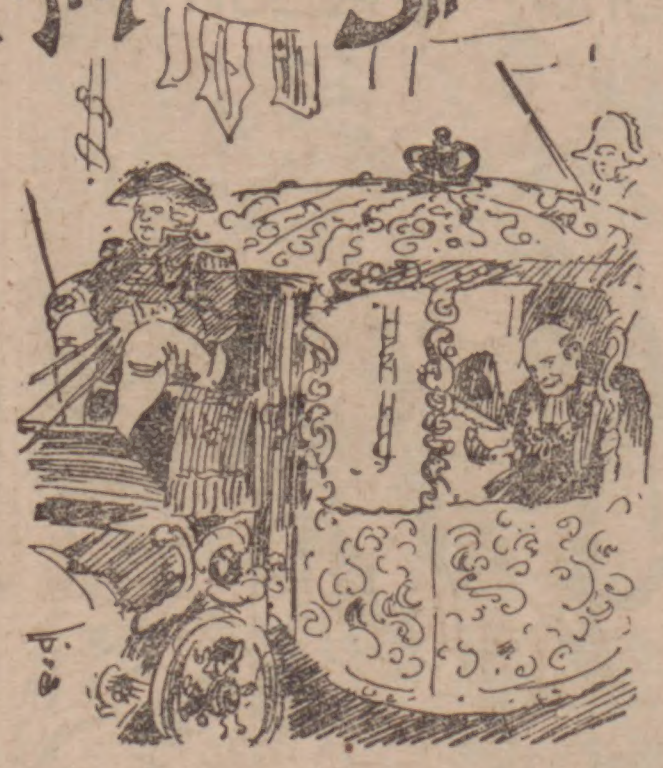
Waste of energy is the greatest fault in distance running. Thus you should incline your body slightly forwards at each stride. You will see some runners with their bodies sloping back; but in this way they are expending the energy of each step in raising the legs without the trunk. And there is a continual "drag" upon them, which is a very heavy handicap.

Point your toes straight forward. No *good* runner turns his toes out. You cannot obtain a strong "take-off" from a diagonally-pointed toe; for this deviation interferes materially with the easy working of the ankle and knee.

G. MILLWOOD.



THE FARCE OF THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW



A VULGAR AND ABSURD INSTITUTION.

On the 9th of November the business of the City of London, and with it most of that of the world, will be temporarily paralysed while an entirely estimable tradesman, clad in a somewhat ridiculous garb, and riding in an absurd coach, proceeds to the Law Courts to invite His Majesty's Judges to come and have a bit of turtle steak with him, an invitation which could well have been conveyed by post or telephone.

Here let me say that, in advocating the abolition of the Lord Mayor's Show, I do not mean anything personal against the new Lord Mayor, Sir T. Vezey Strong. From what one hears of him, one likes him. He is a teetotaller, but he gives his non-teetotal guests the best of wine, which is the hospitality of a gentleman and a sportsman.

LACK OF DIGNITY.

However, regarded as an institution, there is much to be said against the Lord Mayor's Show.

It is sometimes amusing—it often was in the old days, when the theatrical supers, representing classical and historical personages, got too much aboard—it is sometimes dull, but it is never impressive.

Of late years an effort has been made to give it dignity by the introduction of soldiers, sailors, and other fighting men, but the attempt has been a failure. It was bound to be. The fighting man has nothing in common with the smug commercialism of the City.

When you see a King or Queen pass by surrounded by his or her Life Guards, you can at least conjure up some heroic picture; you can see men laying down their lives for the honour and glory of God and their Sovereign. But I defy you to imagine anyone leading a forlorn hope for the sake of a Lord Mayor. There is no battle-cry in "Gog and Magog!" no soul-stirring slogan in the "Guildhall," or "Turtle Soup for Ever!"

THE FINANCIAL SIDE.

The presence of soldiery in the Lord Mayor's Show merely leads to somewhat bitter reflections on the disparity between the rewards of the fighting man and the stay-at-home citizen. Those who make it possible for the commercial man to carry on his trade in peace and to amass riches have often, when their service is ended, to touch their hats for the crumbs that fall from his table.

There is the waste of public money. I know that a Lord Mayor of London has, during his year of office, to spend largely out of his private means, and I am aware, too, that his "Show" costs him a pretty penny. He rewards the soldiers and policemen who do duty on his behalf, but, at the same time, they have to be paid by the State, and I have yet to discover on what constitutional principle a private citizen, and after all the Lord Mayor is no more, has the right to commandeer the services of State servants.

BOY SCOUTS.

And I dislike the idea of fighting men figuring in what is still and always must be a theatrical spectacle.

Boy Scouts, I understand, are to play a prominent part in this year's procession. This is bad, for more reasons than one.

The weather on Lord Mayor's Day is sometimes most inclement, and it is wicked to call upon urchins of tender years to stand or dawdle about for hours in cold or rain for the aggrandisement of a race of officials who have ever had a very sincere appreciation of creature comforts and have always taken precious good care of their own tender skins.

There is a great deal to be said for the Boy Scouts, but it is most undesirable to employ them in such public processions.

After all, who benefits by the Lord Mayor's Show? It is a good day for pickpockets and publicans, and affords suburban society an excuse for an outing.

On the other hand, it dislocates business, and robs many a man who can ill afford it of a day's work and earnings.

THE SOCIALIST VIEW.

Finally, the Lord Mayor's Show encourages Socialism. I quite admit that his lordship must entertain his guests in style, but still when one reads of the Gargantuan feast put before rich and overfed men and thinks of the women and children who never have a square meal in their lives, one does not altogether blame Socialists who advocate pillage.

The Lord Mayor's banquet is vulgar in its ostentation, wicked in its extravagance.

All said and done, most of these fat, fur-coated aldermen lolling in their splendid carriages are merely successful shopmen who have "cornered" the goods that God gave for the benefit of mankind.

Would the world be any poorer, intellectually, morally, or even financially, if there were no Lord Mayor's Show? I doubt it.

I doubt, too, if I am alone in thinking that the Lord Mayor's Show is a vulgar and ill-bred anachronism.

DAVID COOPER.

WHEN PRESENCE OF MIND IS NECESSARY.

When you have written to Jones, saying you are too ill to dine with him, and you see him coming towards you down the street.

When you go to meet Tootsie at the usual place, and forget until you arrive there and find two girls waiting, that you absent-mindedly invited Anastasia to meet you there, too.

When you are trying to get a tailor to let you have a credit account, and another knight of the scissors comes up to you and says "How do I go on for my little bill?"

When you wake up in the morning after a festive night, having told some cock-and-bull story (which you forget) to your wife, and she asks you at breakfast "*Where* did you say you'd been last night, Henry?"

When you have had a good dinner at a restaurant, and on receiving your bill, find that the money you have on you is ninepence too little to pay it.

When you take your wife to the theatre, and some girl leans over from the seat behind you, and says "Hullo, dear old boy! I haven't seen you for *weeks*!"

REMINISCENCES OF A ROLLING STONE.

XI.—HOW A REGIMENT WAS RUINED.

Regiments are very like public schools in the way of having good and bad periods.

A smart regiment will become a slovenly one, and vice versâ. Naturally, the colonel has much to do with a regiment's fortunes. A weak man will quickly ruin the finest corps that ever was, whilst a strong man will transform a regiment of sweeps.

Regiments, too, vary most mysteriously in "tone." Nominally the seniors should set the tone, but they do not always do so, and the "form" of a regiment is often determined by its subalterns.

My regiment, when I joined it, was a "happy" regiment. I dare say, some people would have called us fast, but not vicious.

A few years later the regiment was ruined—by a second-lieutenant.

He was a Colonial cadet from Australasia. Like a good many Australians, he had a terrible Cockney accent, and dropped his "h's."

Now, it is not very pleasant for a regiment to own an officer who says "'ave yer" and "somethink," but still we were quite ready to admit that Bathurst's (this, of course, was not his name) linguistic peculiarities were his misfortune, not his fault.

But Bathurst was by nature a boor and a cad. He was given a fair chance, but when he engaged himself to the canteen steward's daughter he was quietly advised to send in his papers.

He refused. He was a bit of a barrack-room lawyer, and he knew that he could not be touched officially.

Therefore he was "ragged." He had been sent to Coventry before this, but, as he showed no signs of amendment, stronger measures were considered necessary.

In engaging himself to a non-commissioned officer's daughter, Bathurst was guilty of no military offence, but naturally we heard a good deal about it.

To cut the story short, Bathurst was "ragged" by being ducked in a horse-trough. Some wretched local rag got wind of the affair and made a cheap sensation of it.

Then a London paper took it up. Now, if Bathurst had not been a Colonial probably nothing would have happened.

It was represented, however, that Bathurst was "ragged" because he was a Colonial, which was absolutely untrue. The Colonial Office were driven to take action.

Our Colonel was a gentleman. Although absolutely guiltless of any complicity in the "ragging" he stuck by his officers, said they were justified in what they did, and disclaimed any official knowledge of the identity of the ringleaders. As a result, he was removed from his command, and had his pension docked by £120 a year, and he was a poor man.

In all, seven officers were either removed or sentenced to be passed over for promotion.

All this did not happen at once. The inquiry dragged on for months, and during that time the regiment went all to pieces.

Innocent men who had taken no part in the "ragging" felt that they were being unjustly pilloried. Then we were officially informed that we were to be placed on the "black list"; this meant that for a long time to come we should be the last to be chosen for active service. Strange officers were brought in; we were a marked corps.

Those who could afford to do so cleared out, others stayed on knowing that their careers were officially ruined, and when a man knows that he is apt to suffer in his temper and his morals.

And that is the story of how a cad broke up one of the happiest regiments in the Service.

C. G. BULKSLEY.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Trooper Kernahan v. Squadron "B"

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

"Well, it's a good job the Colonel refused," said the Sergeant-Major perusing the paragraph in the "Brermouth Daily News."

It wanted half an hour yet to the time fixed for the weekly "stamp-round," which is otherwise known in official circles as dismounted drill, but already many of the most enthusiastic recruits were drinking to the full their mead of dignity as full-blown members of Squadron "B."

"Much as I like the sweeter and smarter sex," said Sergeant-Hall, "hanged if I can stand 'em taking 'B' Squadron of the K.O. for drawing-room ornaments."

"Can't understand it at all," said Sergeant Gibson of the cyclists, entering silently.

"Notice they didn't ask the cyclists, though," said Sergeant Hall, with evident glee. Now let's see what this half-stick of flowery has got to say."

He read out the paragraph aloud:

We are informed that Colonel Blenkinsop of the King's Own Royal Regiment Blankshire Yeomanry has refused the invitation issued to members of "B" Squadron, by the Lady Mayoress, to attend the first Mayoral At Home at the Town Hall.

"Tea and piffle," Sergeant Hall commented. "We should not be asked for our personal beauty but because of our——"

"Alleged prestige. You'll note I said 'alleged,'" said Sergeant Gibson, bitterly! "There's a lot too much fuss made over you delinquent Dragoons."

"Dear old Charles has swallowed the dictionary, I suppose."

Trooper Alexander playfully cut his whip across the shoulders of the light of the Brermouth cyclists. His peak cap was dripping.

"Raining outside now?" asked Gibson.

"Ah, well, you'd all better fall in as you are, and save the odd quarter of an hour. You won't get any more here. They might melt—poor little fellows!"

He spoke in tones full of compassion.

"And upon my sacred Samuel," he went on, "they turn up their noses at the Mayor and Mayoress's 'At Home'! As you said, Hall, they did *not* ask the Cyclists. We're useful. You're merely ornamental—I suppose one must admit that—you, in your German uniform. Yet, I remember, you considered yourselves a shade too good to attend old Barnley Crimgeour's little show at the Town Hall over a couple of years ago. Well, pride dies hard."

"Oh, we'd have gone, same as you," said Sergeant Hall, "if it had not been for the fact that we had a little inside information regarding Mr. Barnley Crimgeour and—er—the sincerity of his purpose."

"Early and accurate information is our speciality," said a dripping Carteret, adding himself to the number. "What are you chaps wrangling about now?"

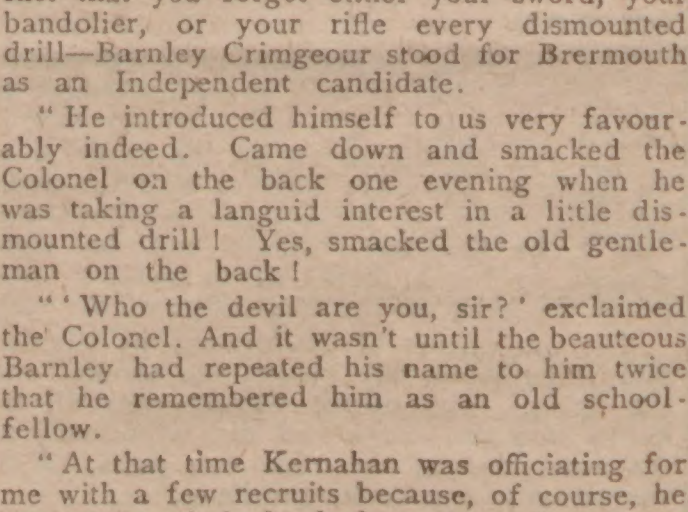
"The vacillations of the Chocolate Soldiers," said Gibson, "or, in other words, why have Squadron 'B' shirked their duty for the second time? You've followed the Barnley Crimgeour Show policy by the Mayor's At Home.' Read *that*, Carteret."

Sergeant Gibson tossed him the paper.

"Stale, man, stale!" said Trooper Carteret, divesting himself of his cloak and pulling a chair up to the fire.

"Colonel's pretty wise," he went on in an airy manner. "He'd have had me against him if he'd accepted on our behalf. Hall, you'd have kicked at it. I can speak for Stephen——"

"And *I* for Kernahan," the Sergeant-Major laughed. "'Member Barnley Crimgeour and his little lecture on the 'Duties of an Englishman'—with the moral about joining the Territorial Army?"



"Rather," said Hall. "And the by-election, too. They fired him properly—the piffling politician. Ugh!"

"Don't quite see——" Gibson began.

"Don't you?" said the Sergeant-Major. "Well, get a pair of spectacles, sir, or listen a minute.

"Just two years ago Kernahan was in opposition to the whole Squadron on a question similar in some points to the Invitation that the Colonel has just refused for us.

"Barnley Crimgeour—as some of you young gentlemen will *not* remember—judging by the fact that you forget either your sword, your bandolier, or your rifle every dismounted drill—Barnley Crimgeour stood for Brermouth as an Independent candidate.

"He introduced himself to us very favourably indeed. Came down and smacked the Colonel on the back one evening when he was taking a languid interest in a little dismounted drill! Yes, smacked the old gentleman on the back!

"'Who the devil are you, sir?' exclaimed the Colonel. And it wasn't until the beauteous Barnley had repeated his name to him twice that he remembered him as an old schoolfellow.

"At that time Kernahan was officiating for me with a few recruits because, of course, he knows the whole book from A to Z, and my non-commissioned officers (as usual, Hall) were not in evidence. And that was a good job for the recruits, because not one of 'em possesses a little bit of old K.'s talent for cheering the men up and making them think that their work is play. . . . Pity he won't consent to promotion.

"We should have seen what a sergeant should be like, you know, Hall. (Please don't fling the earthenware ash-trays about, Sergeant. Even Worthington's matchstands, too, are liable to break if they hit the thick heads of any of the company present.)

"But to come up with my troop again, the Colonel listened politely to all this bargee had to say, and to judge by what I heard between whiles it was a deuce of a lot. Poor old Colonel didn't seem to be getting a word in edgeways. My lot were at the 'stand easy' for a minute or two when I caught the drift of their conversation.

"'I suppose that young fellow over there is a non-commissioned officer,' said Barnley Crimgeour, very largely—like a magnificent Major of the old days.

"Now, you chaps may or may not believe it, but the old Colonel winked at me! . . . Yes, I'll swear it was just the merest suspicion of a wink.

"'If he is,' he said to Barnley (dear boy!), 'he must have left his stripes at home, because *I* don't see them.'

"Old Barnley laughed at this; and at that moment up came the Colonel's chauffeur to inform him 'the carriage waits, my lord,' and with a sigh of relief the Colonel prepared to depart. Barnley was handed over to me, and he asked me if, after drill, the 'dear boys' would mind drinking his health. (That's how he got his nickname—Dear Boy.')"

For a moment the Sergeant-Major's voice was drowned by catcalls, "Three cheers for Barnley!" "Whose seen our majority," "Defence or Defiance," &c.

"Dear boys, I rise to propose the health of Mr. Barnley Crimgeour!" cried Carteret above the din. In the excitement of the moment he spilt some good ale on Gibson's boots and was promptly consigned with little ceremony and much kicking into the outer dark of the adjoining billiard room.

"When you chaps have done applauding my talent as a raconteur," said the Sergeant-Major dryly, "I will resume, as Mr. Gibson here is interested even if *you* are not. (Do let that young man get his head out of the ink, Mr. Gibson. He's only a recruit and very small.) . . . As I was telling you, Barnley came down handsome with this offer of free drinks, and knowing my boys I did not say no, though for myself, well—well, you know. . . .

"After I had, by request, told him Kernahan's name, he handed me a sovereign, and just before the drill dismissed he left. I only thought it a case of yet another being impressed with old K.'s genial style.

"'It will come better from you,' he said, and judiciously left it at that.

"Well, do you know, I believe that that night I learnt something of how a pig at a hippodrome must feel in a pig-hunt on the chief clown's benefit night. Worst of it was I hadn't a soaped tail. At that time most of us were horribly short of pocket money, a ball being only just over, and that sovereign was useful, I can tell you.

"We did it justice. We did it right in before we left this Club Room.

"The next morning I happened to meet old K. going about his business. He showed me a letter. His very faithfully, Barnley Crimgeour, had asked him round to the Meteor that very night. Hall had a similar invitation either by reason of his rank or his beauty—but—I should imagine it was rank.

"It seemed that Barnley had got the addresses from Stephen, but Stephen didn't tell him anything about 'B' Squadron. He seemed to know too much already. He might have told him that currying favour is one thing they bar. He might have told him that had they known for a certainty that that sovereign was a sprat to catch a whale the worst of them would have elected to go thirsty.

"But, as I said, Mr. Barnley Crimgeour knew so much already.

"Well, Barnley had those boys up to dinner. I also was present, invited by telegram. Barnley proceeded to put his foot in it. He started at the *hors d'œuvres* by remarking that he knew the Yeomanry were always the chaps for the girls (dear boys), knew they were jolly dogs, eh—and so he went on grating on their delicately poised nervous systems.

"Yes, you needn't laugh, Gibson. I repeat—delicately poised nervous systems. To cap it all he broached the news that he had by telephone arranged with his old friend the Colonel, that 'B' Squadron would have permission to attend officially a little lecture he proposed giving on 'The Duties of an Englishman.' That was finally gruesome.

"Walking down the deserted streets that

night in the company of Hall and me, Kernahan was dead silent. He only said one thing when he left us.

"'What a benighted blitherer!' said he—and I knew that the attendance of 'B' Squadron at the lecture on the 'Duties of an Englishman' was foredoomed to failure.

"The next night he had gathered all his particular pals on his side, collected the sovereign, and sent it back with the compliments and thanks of a few members of Squadron 'B' for money lent in time of dire need.

"'My gosh!' he kept saying to me. 'He's making a mistake in taking us for pieces of drawing-room sculpture. Thinks we are going to do the graceful ladies' act at his precious lecture.'

"'Don't be angry with him,' said I. 'Half England makes the same error where the Yeomanry are concerned.'"

The Sergeant-Major tapped out his pipe.

"Of course," he went on; "there was, numerically, a strong opposition against Kernahan. We had a lot of new chaps with us at the time, and I regret that they had the weakness common to all recruits in this regiment. Their zeal to show off their uniform on every possible occasion often outran discretion. It became very plain that this was going to be another case—Kernahan did everything he could. He put them on their sense of honour, their sense of the ridiculous—they seemed to lack both.

"They were not ordered to go, you will note. They were merely accorded permission to wear their uniform on the night of the lecture. That was all—and I believe the Colonel thought he got out of the job very gracefully and cheaply at that.

"Well, the night came and those 'for the lecture' were over thirty strong.

Sergeant Gibson nodded.

"There were quite that lot on the Town Hall stairs," he acquiesced. "I should put them down nearer forty."

"Yes. Well, it was arranged that they should all go into the Mayor's Robing Room, which is an annexe to the big assembly room, first. Then the idea was that they should file in very impressively and take their seats in the two rows especially roped off with a plush rope from the Public of Brermouth."

Sergeant Gibson leaned forward eagerly.

"Yes," he said, "I remember that. There were two big iron stands, holding huge cards inscribed on the side towards the public:—

RESERVED FOR
"B" SQUADRON, K.O.R.R.B.Y.

"I saw Kernahan, in mufti, come and quietly take them away with all the assurance of a turn-number-changer at a music-hall. Go on. What I've been trying to get at all these years is what happened then."

The Sergeant-Major laughed.

"Why," he said, "Kernahan went straight from the big room into the side door of the Robing Room carrying both the cards.

"He planked 'em down on the table in front of them all. Alexander, who was his generalissimo on this occasion, took one and produced a big blue pencil (with which weapon, I may tell you, he is an expert). Kernahan also got to work, a little amateurishly, perhaps, with a similar weapon. Alexander's was the swankiest copy, but both were horribly plain—and that was the main point.

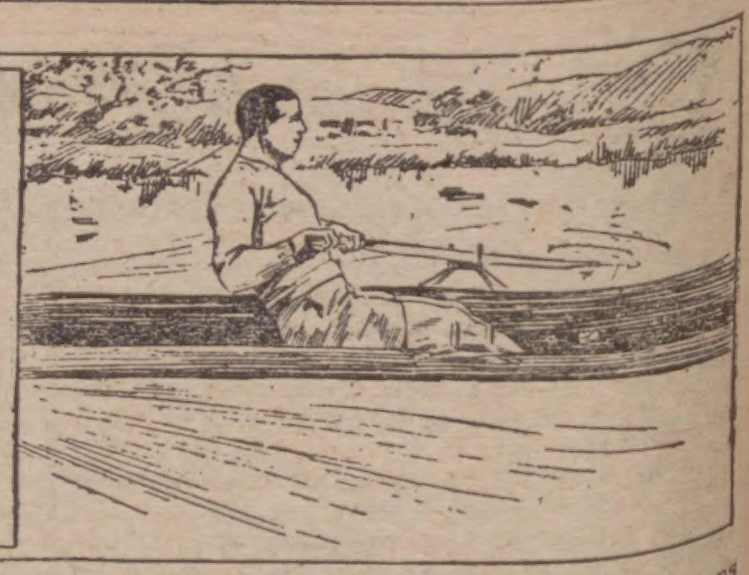
"The boys in uniform watched, wondering.

"'Hold yours up, Alexander,' said Kernahan, at the right moment. And they exhibited 'em round the room. On the obverse of the white cardboards were written:

RESERVED FOR
DRAWING-ROOM ORNAMENTS.

"'If you fellows,' said Kernahan, 'don't give me your words of honour, this instant, that you will not enter that assembly room in uniform to-night, Trooper Alexander and I will proceed to place *this* side in the view of the public.'"

FIXED—SEAT ROWING



THE ESSENTIALS OF WATERMANSHIP.

The regatta season is generally considered to end the rowing year, and when that is over many clubs relapse into idleness until spring returns and the river is once more crowded with small craft.

The wise club captain, however, will waste but little time before setting to work and training the new recruits of the club, while the man who does his rowing independently will get together "scratch" fours or pairs and put in some hard practice while he still has the river to himself.

The hints here given are intended solely for the man who takes rowing seriously. and who regards it as an athletic sport rather than as a means of spending the time. Only the essentials of fixed-seat rowing are here referred to; sliding seats are better kept until later in the season, when it is possible to tell how the men are shaping.

HOW TO SIT.

The first thing to get hold of is the way to sit, for with this, as with every movement in rowing, there is a right and a wrong way.

The feet should be set on the stretcher at an angle of forty-five degrees with the heels together. Having fixed these in the straps (which, by the way, should not be tight enough to touch them) sit immediately opposite the heels on the front edge of the seat.

The movements of rowing can be divided into three parts, the swing, the stroke, and the finish. The novice usually puts all he knows into the stroke and digs vigorously at the water, letting the other two parts, which are equally important, go hang.

With regard to the swing, the chief points to be remembered are these. Swing easily forward from the hips, not from the small of the back as is so often done, forcing the body down between the thighs.

HANDS AND ARMS.

The arms should be quite straight in front of you with the inside wrist (that nearest the rowlock) slightly raised. The hands should be just one hand's-breadth apart.

Keep the head well up and the eyes fixed on the outside shoulder of the man next in front of you on the same side, or the place where his shoulder would be if there were a man there.

A common error is to let the shoulders come forward and become rounded.

As the body comes forward the hands rise slowly so as to bring the blade of the oar close to the water at the moment the body has swung as far forward as it will go.

At the end of the swing the wrists are "rolled" gradually upwards so as to turn the blade of the oar until it is square with the water.

Then begins the stroke. The oar-blade is dropped into the water by the raising of the hands—the oar is so balanced that it will drop as soon as the weight of the hands is removed. The blade is only just covered by the water; to insert it further only means waste of energy and the risk of "catching a crab."

At the moment the oar enters the water the whole weight of the body is thrown upon it, swinging backwards from the hips and forced by a vigorous lift from the stretcher.

The movements of the body are much the same as if you were standing on the ground, bending forward, and lifting a heavy weight from the floor.

DIVIDING THE WEIGHT.

The weight of the body is taken off the seat and divided between the oar and the stretcher, and the thrust from the stretcher must be kept up right through the stroke until the body reaches the perpendicular.

From this point the finish begins. The arms are gradually bent as the body comes back, the elbows being kept close to the sides, until the handle of the oar comes in to the chest.

Then comes the most important movement of the finish and it is as essential that every man in the boat should be in time as at the beginning of the stroke.

The hands are dropped smartly and almost simultaneously shot out in front of the body, the wrists being turned sharply so as to bring the flat of the oar-loom on to the rowlock with a click.

At the same moment the body ceases its backward swing and immediately begins to come forward again.

SOME "DON'TS."

These are, briefly stated, the essential movements of rowing, and the man who can perform each easily and automatically, has in him the makings of a sound oarsman.

It is not all so easy as it sounds, and here are a few "don'ts" which may serve to forewarn the novice against some of the commoner faults.

Don't hurry forward.

Don't swing across the boat.

Don't come forward with bent arms.

Don't draw the button away from the rowlock.

Don't loosen the grip of the outside hand.

Don't think that you can learn to row in a week. Oarsmen are not born, but made by months and years of steady practice.

JOHN GERVAISE.

BUSTARDS.

It is interesting to note, in connection with the Game Laws, what actually constitutes "game." We find that the term includes "hares, pheasants, grouse, partridges, black game, ptarmigan, and bustards." But if you are invited to do a little game-shooting with a friend, do not delude yourself into the fancy that you will see any bustards rocketting up in front of your gun, for you will be disappointed. A bustard has not been hatched in this country within the memory of our grandfathers.

The Temperance Hotel

A LITTLE BETTER AND HOW USEFUL IT MIGHT BE!

There is a widespread prejudice against the temperance hotel which is partly deserved and partly undeserved. The man who is in the habit of using hotels—the fully-licensed sort—avoids them, and the man who only two or three times in a year needs the shelter of a hotel is equally chary of entering their doors.

The causes of this prejudice are not so simple or so obvious as might be supposed at first sight.

ONE KIND OF CUSTOMER.

There are, of course, large numbers of people who do not care to stay in a house that is not, as it were, more than at half-cock. The absence of a licence to sell wine, beer, spirits, and the other liquids that the word "hotel" usually signifies is sufficient to keep this class of hotel guest out of them.

But this is by no means the chief reason for the popular prejudice against temperance hotels. It may be taken for granted that the temperance hotel that is up-to-date in every particular, short of a licence, would not attract this class of customer. He will have the fully-licensed house or none.

But there is an enormous class of people who do not demand that the places in which they sojourn shall be breweries, distilleries, and residences all in one.

And yet this class very seldom, if ever, ventures into a temperance hotel.

Some misgiving, some hidden prejudice, some strange idea of the ill-repute of such places warns them off, and they crowd into lodgings or the full-blown hotels.

SO DEADLY RESPECTABLE.

And when I say "ill-repute" as attaching to these hotels I do not for a moment intend that by this should be understood what is conveyed by the term "ill-fame." Goodness knows they are respectable enough in most cases!

Sometimes, it is true, a hotel that has had its licence taken away becomes a "temperance hotel," but such cases are few and usually notorious in the locality.

But what I do mean is that there is some vague, ill-defined, and probably indefinable prejudice against the temperance hotel—a prejudice which the majority of normal men and women feel without in the least knowing how or why.

WHY THEY ARE UNPOPULAR.

It is not difficult, I think, to find out some of the causes of this prejudice. A little experience of the average temperance hotel should go far to explain a part of it.

In the first place there never seems to be a welcome for a customer. The Englishman hates to go anywhere where he feels that it is a matter of indifference to the proprietor whether he comes or not, or stays a week or goes the next morning.

The atmosphere of the temperance hotel repels one from the outset, and first impressions are always the most powerful where new and temporary surroundings are concerned.

When a man has a couple of days to spend in a strange hotel he has no time to "get to know" the ways of the place and the people. He has a right to expect that the people for whom he brings his custom are on the look-out to please him and make him comfortable. But often in the temperance hotel the atmosphere is one of frigid indifference to the little things that go to make a man feel "at home" in the lesser sense of the term.

Often I have gone into a temperance hotel and have waited ever so long before anyone came to see to my wants. And then it was, as often as not, some ill-clad, ill-looking, slipshod maid who had obviously just swabbed her wet and dirty hands on a wet and dirtier apron, and hurried up, in answer to repeated ringings from her job of washing up.

SOFT.

There is no initial readiness to make one comfortable; no anticipation of one's ordinary and necessary requirements.

Yet another point about these places is the entire disregard of internal decoration.

The very fact that they are "temperance" hotels seems to have led to the impression that they must also be "goody-goody" in their professions.

Look at any wall and you will see, mingled with "At the Fountain" and "The Tryst," and such-like monstrosities, gaudy texts that are really superfluous as guides to conduct for the average decent man. Nobody wants a bedroom plastered with cardboard admonitions to "Love one another," &c.

And why in the world is it that threadbare carpets, indifferent bed-linen, and dirty bedroom crockery are considered good enough?

COMPARISONS.

Of course, there are exceptions, but the average temperance hotel needs a deal of smartening up if it ever hopes to be any sort of rival to the fully-licensed house.

Prices may not be so high, but luxuries need not be so elaborate, though there is no reason why a temperance place should not be clean and comfortable. It cannot be claimed that they are in many cases either the one or the other.

Only a little enterprise is needed to make them less terribly dull and to gain them a greater share of public patronage.

H. JORDAN.

HATS FOR FACES.

You will often come across a man who, although in every other respect his taste in dress is faultless, has no idea what kind of hat suits him. A man with a round fat face, for instance, will wear a very high top hat, and will present a striking resemblance to a Spanish onion that has run to seed.

Another man, with a long, cadaverous face, will often wear a large, bulbous bowler, which will make him look for all the world like a balloon.

There is a certain popular author and playwright who affects a small deerstalker cap. Considering that his bulging forehead almost suggests water-on-the-brain, the humour of his appearance is not difficult to imagine.

A RACEHORSE'S WINTER.

HOW FLAT-RACING CRACKS SPEND THE OFF SEASON.

When, to use the racing reporter's picturesque phraseology, the curtain has been rung down on the Final Plate at murky Manchester, the trainer of flat-racing horses realises that a few months of comparative leisure are in front of him, before his horses are seen out once more on the Lincoln Carholme.

Though his charges will still do a certain amount of work every day, there will be changes in their winter routine from that undergone when they are actually in preparation for a big race.

Whereas, in the summer, a trainer's "string" generally puts in an appearance on the training grounds at about 5 a.m. or at any rate at 6 a.m., in the "off season" the equine patricians are generally allowed to luxuriate longer in their stalls.

At six o'clock the stable hands have to start "dressing over" the horses, during which process the head lad goes round the whole stable giving each horse a double handful of corn. The men's breakfast hour is 7 a.m.; and at 8 o'clock sharp the string is on the Heath—we are, naturally enough, speaking of Newmarket; for what Newmarket thinks to-day, every stable in England will think to-morrow, or even sooner.

Walking, trotting, cantering, but no galloping, except in extreme cases, goes on until 10.30 or 11 a.m., when the animals are again dressed down. They are next given their mid-day feed, and allowed to rest until 5 p.m. Then the "dressing" process is repeated, and at 7.30 the horses are, to use a Newmarket expression, "done up" for the night.

There is one very important training method which most trainers practise, but which they are believed to have learned from Mr. James Jewitt, the well-known Newmarket trainer.

During the "idle time" as it is called, instructions are given that the horses are to be docked of a bowl or so of corn. To make up for this, they are given all the hay they want.

It is particularly impressed on the head lad that a "heavy topped" horse who is difficult to train, is to undergo a diet that is very Spartan in character. The reason of this is that a horse—especially a heavy topped animal—should not be allowed to get "bull fat," and then have to train off the superfluous flesh before working to get good muscle on.

Not only is this a waste of time, but it is often even injurious, for many is the big-topped horse who has given way in his understandings as a result of injudicious feeding prior to heavy work.

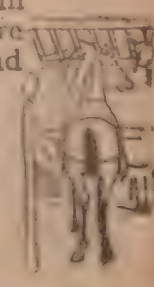
The winter's work chiefly takes the form of trotting exercise on the roads; but the ever-increasing number of motor-cars is a serious thorn in the trainer's flesh; for it is forcing him to abandon the King's highway and take more to the heath (again we are speaking of Newmarket) for which a tax has to be paid.

This tax has increased in amount of late years. Formerly only two guineas, it afterwards rose to three, and it now stands at seven guineas per annum, an exhorbitant and wholly ridiculous tax.

This fee, of course, is paid by the owners; and this is a source of satisfaction to trainers; for although their "retainers" are often very high, still considering the establishments they have to keep up, their emoluments, even in winter, are none too big.

Taking all points into consideration, it will be seen that, even in the "off season" there is always a good deal to be done in and around the stables.

R. M. HERIOT.



STRIFE

"Life would be too smooth without rubs in it."
—PROVERB.

Strife is the salt of life. Every man has hidden in him somewhere elemental pugnacity, though it may lie so deep as never to be suspected, even by himself, until extraordinary circumstances call it forth.

A man need not be physically combative to be a fighter, for there are many forms of strife other than those of war and the ring.

No doubt the soldier often reaches great heights of exaltation in a charge or hand-to-hand mêlée, but soldiers fight more from a sense of duty than from real love of the game. As often as not he has no personal animus against his foe.

So, too, with your professional boxer. It is questionable whether he really enjoys fighting.

Anyway, it is often the men of peace, leading apparently humdrum lives, who find in strife the very salt of life.

Take the business man; on the surface his existence is anything but romantic, yet from first to last it is full of strife.

MONEY-LEND NG AS A HOBBY.

Lately there died a very rich old man. For many years he had had an income of roughly a quarter of a million a year. To the last he worked as hard as any 25s.-a-week clerk. His hobby, if one may so call it, was lending money at 5 per cent. He would not take a fraction of a pound less, no matter how gilt-edged the security, and it was useless to offer him more.

He wanted 5 per cent., and he got it. He was neither a miser nor an anchorite. He was a man of wide and cultivated tastes, a sportsman who hunted almost up to the day of his death. Every day he used to get through two hours' work by the time most business men were thinking of getting up; no detail was too small for his attention: the chill which killed him was caught travelling to investigate personally a proposed mortgage.

NOT GREED, BUT LOVE OF FIGHTING.

The money his lending brought him in was nothing; it was the strife that fascinated him. Daily he was besieged by impecunious rascals anxious to "best" him, and it was the pitting of his keen old wits against theirs that kept him young and vigorous.

The moneyed man soon reaches a point when money in itself ceases to interest him; he goes on amassing it, not for greed, but because every sovereign has to be fought for. The world would be a very dull place were it not for the rascals in it. Ask any business man and he will tell you that there is nothing he enjoys better than trying conclusions with a rogue. Work, indeed, would be intolerable were it not for the element of strife in it.

Why do men collect curios? Some of them, no doubt, take an artistic pleasure in their treasures, but with most the real incentive is the strife of the auction room, the excitement of the chase, the pitting of knowledge and purse against the equally strong acumen and wealth of other competitors. Strife makes the world go round, and is good for trade.

Take the case of Duveen Brothers, the famous art dealers lately arrested by the New York Customs authorities.

The charge is the undervaluing of imported objects of art, so as to evade payment of the proper duty; the defence that has been outlined, is that a curio has two values: its intrinsic worth in workmanship and materials, the sentimental value placed upon it by rival collectors striving to obtain it, and that for Customs purposes they were entitled to value their imports on the former basis.

Be that as it may, the eternal strife between collectors puts much money into circulation, and gives employment to thousands.

Socialists would abolish strife, and that is where Socialism is fundamentally wrong. You cannot eliminate competition, and if you could the world would die of stagnation.

THE UNATTAINABLE.

The truest pleasure in life lies in the overcoming of obstacles, and that is why men who apparently have everything worth having will devote themselves to the attainment of some chimera, or of some object which to other men appears ridiculous.

Why do men devote themselves to lost causes? Why do they wear themselves out in seeking the unattainable? Any cause, however apparently hopeless, will find some adherents, any pretender, no matter how absurd his pretensions, can rely on a follower or two, simply because man's natural instinct is to take sides, and Britons in particular are always ready to range themselves on the weaker side.

What brought the Liberals back to power in 1906? Was it any sudden conversion to Liberalism? I think rather that it was our innate love of a fight against heavy odds.

STRANGE RESULTS OF STRIFE.

Man's ineradicable passion for strife leads to some curious results. Is there anything in warfare comparable with the ferocity and bitterness of religious strife?

Quakers before now have set the world ablaze. Peace Conferences often bring consulting countries to the verge of war.

In philanthropy we have charitable societies striving to beat each other's records, at ruinous cost, and often with the result benefiting only totally undeserving people.

Man must have something to strive for, be it a throne or a monthly golf medal. Sometimes it is the prize that matters, but as a rule it is the winning of it that brings the keenest joy. Nor is it only the victor who tastes the pleasures of strife.

The man who has put up a good fight can take an honest pride in his defeat.

He sees where he failed, determines not to make the same mistake again, and eagerly anticipates the next encounter.

Strife is the salt of life.

NORMAN FRASER.

THEATRE FIENDS.

The greatest nuisance in the auditorium is, of course, the person who, having seen the play before, confides the happenings of Act 3 to his neighbours who are endeavouring to concentrate their attention on the second scene of the first act.

Far more numerous, however, are the fiends who, on seeing the play drawing to a conclusion, commence to put on hats, pick up sticks and umbrellas, pull out watches, and comment on the train services to their various destinations.

As the hero clasps the heroine in a long embrace, your view of the stage is obliterated by the man who suddenly bobs up just in front and heaves on a spacious coat.

A certain type of theatrical patron seems to have a moment to spare. So valuable is his time that he must needs be out of the theatre some three seconds after the curtain has dropped on the final act.

Yet another annoying person is he who, at a musical play or a music-hall, beats time with his foot on the back or the legs of your seat sending a jar up your spine with every note, and absolutely spoiling your enjoyment.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

If you are in sympathy with the ideals of good fellowship and good sportsmanship, which this paper has always endeavoured to foster, you are invited to join the above League.

The wearing of the league badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	1s.
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	1s.
Gold-plated pendant for watch-chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	1s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

A SKETCH.

RAGS AND BONES

By F. PROCTOR-WATSON.

"*Raig*-gorbung! *Raig*-gorbung."

Very musically that call echoes on the crisp air of the autumn morning. I know that somewhere in the vicinity of these dingy little streets through which I chance to be walking there is a man who is a decided factor in the scheme of the neighbourhood's existence.

"*Raig*-gorbung! *Raig*-gorbung!"

There is the call again with very much accent on the "Raig" and a mellowed melody about the "gorbung" that falls acceptably on the ears as something that contributes a welcome deal to liven up the squalid resignation to circumstances of these little mean streets where Mr. Poverty is the exacting landlord.

"*Raig*—gorbung!"

It is possible to locate him now. He is walking in the strip of cemented passage that forms the way between the backdoors of two rows of shabby-genteel terraces that think so little one of the other, that they have turned their backs on each other, affecting to despise contemporaneous existence.

Where the sunshine glints on the jagged glass that has been set in cement on the top of the backyard walls with a view to keeping off the feline species, the call of this one of "Harverson's Marine Store's" clients awakens a comfortable-looking Cyprus cat who, having had an excellent meal out of the dust-boxes the morning is now showing the futility of the stupid human's work by actually sleeping the sleep of sluggish indigestion on a cement-bedded broken bottom of a beer bottle and a fragment of chipped window-pane.

Now, I know as well as the anxious housewives of this neighbourhood that it is old Jack Lagg who is thus calling for rags and bones, his concluding "any-ole-lumber-I'll-buy!" being a thing that marks his individuality by the very tone thereof.

Inside the little back hutches that the landlord calls kitchens, the slatternly but pinched-faced women are collecting such things as Jack pays "a good price" for. There are, among other things, large stone jam-jars—evidence that the staple meal of the little kiddies by things that Nature forced on their parents unwittingly (and unkindly), is preserved turnips and marrows, faked up, the heavens only know how, to represent "blackberry and apple," "plum and greengage," and such suspiciously-named preserves that are sold at what would be a wonderful price per 2lb. jar if their actual component parts were either blackberry, apple, plum, or greengage. Contents of jars, however, are things of no moment to Jack Lagg. What he wants are the receptacles of these questionable confections upon which the larvæ of the poor live in such times when father is out of work and scraps of "pieces" from the butcher's are reckoned luxury.

It is wonderful to think that the advent of Jack Lagg, the old-lumber man, suffuses a certain warmth of anticipatory commercialism in the ample bosoms of the women of the Terraces. They have looked in the attic, which, for some reason, is favoured of all other similar apartments with the distinctive title of "old lumber room," and once again they have turned out of the musty-smelling boxes certain heterogeneous collections of threadbare garments that they call dresses, but which the Trade knows as "Blacks." Also there are fragments of other garments which would be hemmed up as dusters, if anything in the Terraces was ever dusted. Instead, these old and worn out garments of long-cloth pass into the sack of Jack Lagg and appear again in the book of Israel Harverson, the Yiddish marine store dealer, as "whites."

Knowing Jack so well, because, in the years of irresponsible youth, curiosity made me acquainted with so odd a character, it is possible for me, when there is a lull in the calling, to go through Jack's usual patter . . .

He has opened the door and put a stubbly face round the other side, and called out. "Look 'em up, Missus! Come on. I'll deal fair with ye. Any old lumber I'll *buy*!"

The one-brick wall, upon which he lounges as he waits for the appearance of the Missus, is of such fragile appearance that really you would not be at all surprised to see it suddenly fall flat the way he is leaning. He casts a professional eye upon the dust-box, for the untutored laymen oft throw into these receptacles things which will squeeze a certain amount of blood—that is to say money—out of Israel Harverson, keeper of the marine stores.

Jack Lagg has oft improved the shining hour of waiting by just popping an odd bit of broken brass lamp-stand or an old copper kettle (that looks like nothing of the sort so begrimed is it) into his bag. Then, of course, there is no need for him to go out of his way to inform the lady of the house that he has acted as the Urban Sanitary Authority in these instances. To Jack Lagg the saying "Where there's dirt there's money" if not exactly golden is very often a silvered maxim—and every penny clear profit, too! . . .

As there appears at the door the Missus, Jack Lagg raised his battered headgear very politely and watches with amused sarcasm the odds and ends of things that the Missus sets out for his inspection on the floor. He looks at them with the air of a pawnbroker who knows that he is going to be asked to advance five pounds on a wretched diamond ring not worth a penny more than twenty. He withers the poor rags with his piteous glance . . .

If the wind is at all cold and blows gustily it seems as though they shiver by reason of their scanty appearance; that they know the meanness, the sordid poverty, the (unromantic) heartbreaking, that they stand for.

Not a pennyworth of romance in them. More can be made out of a carefully preserved first-baby's shoe. But these rags! Perhaps that was your wedding dress once, Missus? Well, if that is the condition it has got into since you left service for the roof, the company, and (at the first) the embraces of that lazy, good-for-nothing, drinking-white-stuff of a husband of yours, far better had other bells than wedding-bells rung out for you that day. At least the rag-and-bone man would not have been a familiar acquaintance of yours, and if you had comprised principally bones you would have lacked the squalid rags that make you a mere rag-and-bone woman in a sense that Jack Lagg is not a rag-and-bone man to-day. . . .

It is unlikely, however, that any such thoughts trouble Mr. Jack Lagg. The rags being material things do *not* wither under his glance. They remain there to be argued over to some length.

Jack starts in light banter.

"Can I carry them to the dust-box for ye, missus?"

"No. There wouldn't be room for *you*, Mr. Lagg, when they come round to take away the rubbidge ter-morrer."

Mr. Lagg disregards this undoubted triumph of a woman's one weapon.

Then, seeing that the Missus is about to state her price, he casts even more withering glances upon the transparent remnants which lie on the doorstep, in the hope that his unenthusiastic attitude will make her less exacting in her demands.

He is, however, disappointed.

This missus is willing to sell the lot—jars, bottles, old iron, the two skirts, and the other white things—for a half-crown.

Mr. Lagg, as one suddenly struck utterly limp, drops his sack very suddenly, so that the clash of a piece of iron in the bottom thereof resounds on the concrete paving and considerably flusters the Missus, who confesses to being as "nervous as a cat," as her mother, she adds, was before her.

Mr. Lagg very sensibly observes that he is not there to argue about the complaints of her mother. He is willing to buy "these" (this very contemptuously) at a price that shall not set the neighbourhood thinking that he has taken to giving money away.

The Missus tartly remarks that there is not much fear of the neighbourhood being imposed in this manner, as——

For a clear five minutes and a half she holds forth upon the mean men she has known, giving a *précis* of their chacteristics, starting with the present Mayor of the Borough and ending up with Mr. Lagg.

"My dear—my dear!" Mr. Lagg protests. "Now you can't say as I ever tried to beat you down. Fair value is my motter, and if a man can't treat fair woman," he adds, defiantly pausing; "if a man can't treat fair woman *fair*. Well ——"

Words fail Mr. Lagg. He has recourse to feverishly looking over the rags, bottles, and old metal.

"Look 'ere," he says, with an air of finality. "Ninepence!"

"A shillin'," says the Missus.

"No. Too much."

"Then good mornin'—and dam' ye!" says the Missus pleasantly, preparing to pick up the rags.

She evidently means what she says, so that a deep sigh is drawn from the harrowed breast of Mr. Lagg.

"I'll split the dif.," he says. "Give yer tenpence."

"'A'penny," the Missus adds. "*That's* splittin' the difference. Think I ain't 'ad no schoolin'?"

"Ten—pence—'a'penny!" says Mr. Lagg, slowly as though he were trying to realise in his finite mind the exact meaning of the great Eternity. "Ten — Pence — 'Apenny. . . . Gawd!"

He dives his hand into his pocket and draws forth two threepenny-bits and nine ha'pennies. Counting them over carefully, he hands them to the Missus.

"Do you know, Missus," he says, gloomily, "if my dealin's with other lidies along this 'ere Terrace was done on the same liberal scale as yourn I should be blarsted-well 'h-insolvent before I reached the end 'ouse."

HOW LONDON SLEEPS.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS WITH UNFASTENED DOORS.

Careful as we may all be concerning our persons and property during the day, we seem to throw aside not only ordinary care, but the very suggestion of precaution for our safety when we go to rest.

We are, in fact, content to sleep practically unprotected, and at the mercy of any burglar, robber, murderer, maniac, or other evildoer who should take a fancy to our portable property, clothes, and money.

Likewise we lie asleep and undefended by so much as a barred door from any lunatic who should develop a taste for murdering people in their sleep.

This may sound all moonshine. It may be argued that these things do not occur, and that I am merely working up a scare.

But come with me, as it were, on a tour of London while Londoners sleep.

Chiefly my discoveries relate to lodging-houses.

Now, if a census of lodging-houses were published, it would be found that they far outnumber every other kind of house in London put together.

Practically every street in London has some lodging-houses, and hundreds of streets have no other kind of house.

In the outer suburbs it is, of course, different, for the small villas that have sprung up in thousands are usually households occupied by one family.

But in London proper, and in many other cities, the nearer streets that are not quite at the heart of things are lodging-houses.

Now, in these houses there may be any number of people—say, from three to twenty. All these people, or at least the great majority of them, are strangers to each other.

A certain number of them—the majority, indeed—occupy one room, and, of course, they demand and enjoy the right of coming and going, at any hour of the night or day, to and from these rooms.

A certain number of people lock their bedroom doors at night, but I know from specially conducted inquiry that even this practice is not by any means general.

What is more astonishing, however, is that practically every lodging-house *is never locked up at night. At any hour of the night any man or woman with an ordinary skeleton key* can gain access to any of these houses with the utmost ease, and can enjoy the whole run of the house without let or hindrance.

Who, for instance, is to sit up and check those who enter? Such a suggestion is absurd. But it leaves every ordinary lodging-house open to any evildoer who cares to enter.

Of course, it may be argued that the lodgers have right to come in at any time. But who is to see that only those authorised to do so actually do come in? And who can prevent undesirable persons from entering?

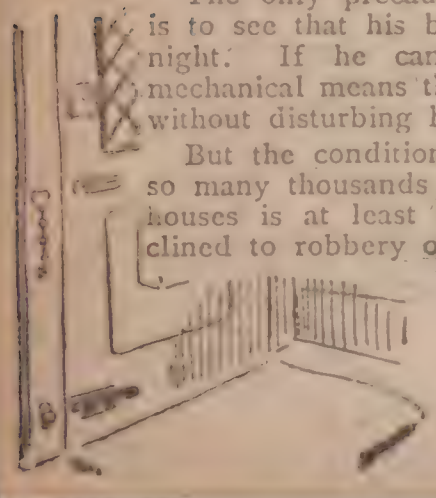
I myself go home frequently after midnight: even as late as three and four o'clock on occasions. Not a soul knows what rights of admittance I have, and apparently not a soul cares.

It may be argued that there are police on the beat, but no policeman can cross-examine every man who puts a key in a keyhole and enters a house at one o'clock in the morning.

The only precaution that a man can take is to see that his bedroom door is locked at night. If he can also ensure by simple mechanical means that a stranger cannot enter without disturbing him, so much the better.

But the condition of helplessness in which so many thousands sleep in London lodging-houses is at least an invitation to those inclined to robbery or worse crimes.

H. JORDAN.



MY NOTEBOOK.

THE LONDON CLUB.

You will remember that I dealt at some length the other week with the project for forming a MODERN MAN residential club in London on a large scale.

The response has been very satisfactory, and I have arranged to hold a meeting on Wednesday, November 9, at our publishing offices, 19, 21 and 23, Tudor Street, London. E.C. The meeting will take place at 7 o'clock, which hour will, I think, suit most of those interested.

I shall, of course, preside at the meeting personally, and I am greatly looking forward to this opportunity of making the acquaintance of many readers whom I have not yet met.

I shall introduce Mr. Johnston-Mundy to the meeting, and he will submit various propositions.

I should like it to be understood that all arrangements to be made will depend entirely upon the wishes of those who attend the meeting.

If you are at all interested in the scheme, even though you have not yet written to me about it, I trust that I shall have the pleasure of meeting you on Wednesday evening. If you have a friend who is interested, bring him along.

We shall talk the whole matter over, and put the scheme in working order.

NEW PROVINCIAL CLUBS.

It gives me pleasure to announce this week that four new clubs are in the process of formation in the provinces.

Mr. J. Marshall, 2, Radnor Terrace, Glasgow, is getting up a club in that city, and I cordially invite all Glasgow readers to communicate with him, whether they are League members or not.

Mr. C. J. Robertson, 50, Middleton Road, Oldham, is organising a club for that town, and the district immediately surrounding it.

Mr. R. O'Sullivan, 38, Lord Street, Wolverhampton, is making himself responsible for the formation of a club there.

Mr. W. A. Halliday, 4, Montague Street, Edinburgh, is organising a club in the Scottish capital.

WORKING TOGETHER.

I have already dealt at some length with the matter of forming these clubs, and the best way to set about it. The chief thing to remember is the principle of sympathetic co-operation. It is impossible for one man to make a club a success unless he is backed up by his fellow members, and I most earnestly ask those readers in the various towns mentioned, to co-operate with the gentlemen whose names I have printed, and to give them every possible assistance.

Undoubtedly, the formation of a club entails a great deal of work, but the work is interesting, and the result will abundantly repay those who take the trouble connected with the organisation, for these clubs are supplying a long-felt want.

Once more I take the opportunity of assuring all those whom it may concern, that I am in no wise financially interested in these clubs. I give my support to them because I know they are wanted. The financial arrangements are entirely in the hands of the members of the clubs concerned, and they are in no wise money-making concerns. If any profit results from the working of any particular club, it will belong entirely to the members of that club. They can do with it what they like and can use it either to improve their club or to reduce the subscriptions for the following year. Anyhow, neither I nor THE MODERN MAN, Ltd., will have anything to do with such money.

I emphasise this point because there are other papers which do not hesitate to make money in such ways. THE MODERN MAN clubs are to be run entirely by their members and for their members. What support or assistance I can give them shall be given with the greatest pleasure.

CRUELTY TO HORSES IN LONDON.

I think it is high time that attention should be drawn to the conditions under which many London horses have to work.

I refer to the state of the roadway on most steep inclines.

Take, for example, the slope from York Road to Waterloo Bridge. It is wood-paved, and on a drizzling morning it is as slippery as ice. A horse which is perfectly able to pull a heavy load on the level can scarcely keep his footing on this greasy slope, and it is a pitiable sight to see the poor beasts sweating and panting.

Another wicked place is Milford Lane, close beside this office. Here the paving is composed of stones, which have been polished by traffic till they are almost as smooth as glass. The loads which horses have to drag up this hill are often extremely heavy, as there are several large printing works in the vicinity.

Why should the horses of London have to undergo such unnecessary cruelty? Simply because these steep inclines are not sanded as they ought to be.

WHAT ARE THE SOCIETIES DOING?

There are several so-called societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals. One is the R.S.P.C.A., and I believe that another has been organised to secure the abolition of the bearing-rein. As to the utility of these organisations, opinions differ.

There are times when a horse requires thrashing, for horses are animals and not angels, and usually the man who is best able to judge when a thrashing is necessary is the driver. If he administers it at the right time and, therefore, in public, he finds himself in trouble with the R.S.P.C.A., or with some woman in the street. I think I am safe in saying that ninety-nine per cent. of the confirmed jibbers who have to be sent from town to the country because they have ceased to be fit to drive in the streets, are allowed to become jibbers simply because of the misdirected interference of these so-called horse-lovers—the old ladies, and the prevention of cruelty people.

The utility of the bearing-rein is a matter upon which the opinion of horsemen is divided, but there seems little reason to suppose that it causes all the discomfort to horses which is alleged by those who dislike its use.

I think it would be well if the Anti-Bearing-rein Society, and the R.S.P.C.A. would become a little less crankish, and would do a little more in a practical way to lighten the burden of man's best friend.

Doubtless the sanding of inclines is the proper work of certain Borough Councils, but it is neglected.

It would not be a very costly business to have bins of sand at various places and to keep a man on the job, and I suggest that the societies of animal lovers should combine either to force the Councils responsible to keep the inclines properly sanded, or else themselves to pay men to do the work.

If they did this, they would be doing a greater service to horses than they have yet done.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

A REAL SPORTING LIST.

...rint below a further instalment of the roll of members of the MODERN MAN League in order that those who sympathise ...the ideals of good fel'owship and good sportsmanship that ...e has done so much to foster may get into communica... one another. We shall be glad to hear as soon as ... of any errors or omissions and these will be rectified in a ...mentary list, which will include the names of those now ... applications are received too late for the general ... our own town.

...RTON AND HOVE (*continued*).

...CHENEY, Jun., 52, Richmond Buildings.
...H. COLBRAN, 81, Park Crescent Terrace.
...L. DARTER, 50, London Street.
...J. DA'VALL, 22, Sandown Road.
...P. DUMPSEY, 8, North Street Quadrant.
...WHURST, 67, Queen's Park Road.
...DURHAM, Jun., 32, Coombe Terrace, Lewes Road.
...M. EASTWOOD, 9, Clermont Terrace, Preston Park.
...V. FINNEY, 16, Hove Park Villas, Hove.
...H. GALE, 153, Western Road.
...BARD, 33, Market Street.
...D, 19, Seville Street, Lewes Road.
...7, Norton Road, Hove.
...MAN, 43, Clifton Street.
...AYLER, 6, Prinsep Road, Hove.
...D, 14, Lansdowne Street, Hove.
...ON, 17, Grant Street.
...STED, 3, Upper St. James' Street.
...WARTH, 23, Landseer Road, Hove.
J. JAUNCEY, 10, Atlingworth Street.
...EATER, 34, Totland Road.
...EATER, 25, Round Hill Crescent.
W. JENNER, 12, Guildford Road.
...H. JONES, 11, Herbert Road, Preston Park.
...KILLICK, 24, Marlborough Place.
...DIARD, 42, Robertson Road, Preston.
..., 47, Seville Street, Elm Grove.
..., Shaftesbury Road.
...REN, 19, De Montfort Road.
...SHALL, 36, Adelaide Crescent, Hove.
...ER, 14, Marlbro' Place.
..., 14, Portland St eet.
...Y, 14, Portland Street.
...ETT, 1, Railway Street.
...CK, 40, Osborne Villas, Hove.
... Church Street.
..., Guildford Road.
...KS, 15, Chapel Street.
...S, 232, Elm Grove.
..., 73, Edburton Avenue.
...NELL, 25, West Hill Street.
...MONS, Bedford Hotel.
SMITH, 10, Hove Lodge Mansions, Hove.
SMITHERS, Trevenia Lodge, 88, Coventry Street.
...EY, 1, Hollingdean Road.
...G, 4, Poynter Road, Hove.
..., Grand Parade.
...RMAN, 26, Borough Street.
...WEBB, 18, Queen's Park Terrace.
...LLS, 9, Castle Street.
...OOD, 18, Frith Road, Hove.

..., Coronation Road, Ashton Gate.
...ON-JONES, 7, Cranbrook Road, Redland.
...NETT, 42, Carlton Park, Whitehall.
...CKBURN, 40, Robertson Road, Eastville.
...KRY, Richmond House, 4, Cricklade Road, ...ston.
...LINS, 28, Brighton Street, City Road.
...MAN, 32, Alfred Street, St. Philips'.
W. ... Lower Castle Street.
...MILTON, 27, York Avenue, Ashley Down.
...S, 376, Fishpond's Road.
... Vine Cottage, Norfolk Street, St. Paul's.
...FT, 24, Redfield Road, Redfield.
... 13, Kent Road, St. Andrew's.
...ORES, "Laurel Bank," Hampstead Road, Bris...on.
...NOLDS, 54, Lower Redland Road, Redland.
...Y ..., City Road.
...ELL, Bishop Sutton.
..., 12, Exeter Road, Badminster.
...VALDEN, 26, Ashley Road, Stokes Croft.
...WATERS, 7, Park Avenue, Victoria Park.
...EKS, 40, Claremont Street, Stapleton Road.
...STMORELAND, 10, Bishop Street, Portland Square.
...ITEHEAD, 21, Longmead Road, Horfield.
...EDE, 63, Redcliffe Hill.
...LIAMS, 101, Gloucester Road, Bishopston.

...FERRY.
...SPADLEY, Church Street.
...ICAR, 111, Neath Road.

...TAIRS.
...SING, "Lyncroft," Lindenthorpe Road.
...LOY, St. Peter's Park.
...YER, 30, High Street.
...AMES, 60, Alexandra Road.

...HURST.
...PEN, Corner North Road.
..., "Inglemark," Riverside.
...HOMAS, Corner North Road.

...OVE.
...SSETT, 42, Sagebury Terrace, Stoke Works.

...ANDS.
...H.
...RKRIOTT, 44, Abington Road.

...WREGHITT, North Ferriby.

...MTY FERRY.
..., Anlaby.

...RM.
...IAN, Kirkhill Park.
...CKERS, Main Street.

(To be continued.)

THE CANNY SCOT AGAIN.

Sandy had resolved to economise, and morning after morning his breakfast consisted of a large plate of porridge.

After some weeks of this strict diet, however, the Scotsman began to regard the breakfast with anything but pleasure.

One morning he sat face to face with his plate of porridge, but could not bring himself to go through the usual morning routine.

He got up from the table, opened the cupboard door and produced a bottle from which he poured out a good glass of whisky.

"Sandy, my boy," he said, "eat your porridge and you shall have this."

The unsavoury dish was quickly demolished.

Then he quickly poured back the whisky into the bottle.

"Sandy, ye old fool," he said, "I've done ye after all!"

TACT.

They really had a most delightful evening. And the vicar had brought his tiddley-winks.

Among the company was an old farmer who seemed rather proud of the fact that he could neither read nor write.

"I have different coloured postcards," he explained. "Thus, if I want a lady friend to come and spend the day with me, I send her a white postcard, and if I send her a black one ——"

"Quite so," interposed the vicar. "You would like her to take a cup of tea with you, doubtless."

FORGOT HIS PART.

Mr. Corpulant Newrich offered to finance the performance of his daughters' Dramatic Society, and his announcement was received with acclamation.

But when he added the provision that he paid the expenses on condition that he was awarded a part, the joy diminished.

Mr. Newrich was well endowed with wealth, but, alas! his vocabulary did not include a single "h."

They argued, but Mr. Newrich stood firm. "No part, no money" was his decision.

At last they hit on a plan. He was to come on in the second scene and just say "Silence!" He could not go far wrong with that. Mr. Newrich was satisfied. He would be in evidence at the performance.

The great day arrived, and all went well until the curtain rose on the second scene.

From the wing strode Mr. Newrich. Holding up his hand he uttered one word; "'Ush."

VERY INSTRUCTIVE.

[*Our enquire-within-upon-everything column for seekers after wisdom.*].

Question: Why does a popular weekly warn girls of the "moral dangers of rinking"?

Answer: Well, Gertrude Clarissa, we hardly like to say; but it is doubtless, because, on rollers, it is so easy for a girl to make a slip.

* * *

Q.: Who was Saint Andrew?

A.: He was one of the greatest of the world's good men, my dear childie. He gave unto us that supreme boon, the St. Andrews golf course, on which the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons has done such doughty deeds.

* * *

Q.: How am I to convince my wife that it is her duty to smack the baby, when she insists that it is half mine as well as hers?

A.: That is easy, my dear sir! Just point out blandly that yours is the half which is not smacked.

* * *

Q.: What is the difference between taxis and taxes?

A.: You are a *very* bright little boy, Dunstan! The difference is that the first make the wheels whirl, while the second make ratepayers heads do the same thing. There is one point of similarity. They are both devised for the purpose of extracting money.

* * *

Q.: What is it that is most often caught bending?

A.: Surely, Athrobald, painful experience should have taught you that. The cane is most often apprehended in a state of flexion. (Jove! but we *can* talk!)

* * *

Q.: What is unpardonable waste?

A.: Martin! Have you never heard your uncle comment upon the absurd custom of wearing a tie when you have a beard?

* * *

Q.: What sports are least conducive to good temper and modesty?

A.: Well, at cricket one is often put out, and both the footballer and the billiard-player often have to put on side.

J. GORDON HOOD.

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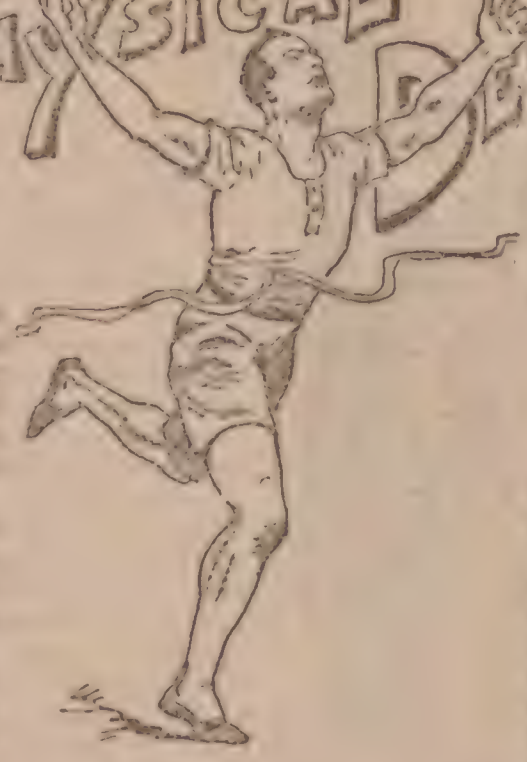
RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT



A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

TRAINING.

It is impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules on the subject of training in its widest sense, because some special series of exercises and system of diet are required for each individual sport.

Again, there is the question of environment to be considered, for not every reader has at command the same advantages.

But for whatever particular sport you are training, it is advisable to get a fairly complete paraphernalia, and not to be too niggling in the matter of expense. In the long run it pays to get good things both in the matter of implements and clothes.

In training, tobacco and drink should be slightly docked, but not of necessity entirely, for many prominent athletes are firm believers in indulgence in either or both.

But everything depends on the individual, and the man who finds ill-health or headaches resulting from an indulgence in any particular pleasure, such as smoking, should regulate his habits accordingly.

FOR ARMS, LEGS, AND CHEST.

This is an exercise specially designed for the development of the muscles of the arms, legs, and chest; incidentally the thighs derive a considerable benefit from the movements.

Do not raise the shoulders.

Standing first at attention with the fists clenched, take a smart step forward with the left leg, at the same time thrusting both arms well behind the back so that the thumbs are in contact.

Returning to the upright, continue the exercise, alternating the legs.

Throughout the exercise the head must be kept erect and the muscles of the arms must not be allowed to become limp.

The forward movement combined with the backward swing has a tendency to increase the size of the chest, but the shoulders must not be raised or an opposite effect will be attained.

STRENGTH: PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

"It is wonderful," said Pliny, "how much the mind is enlivened by the motion and exercise of the body."

That a healthy man is a happy man is a truth that cannot be denied. Most of the miserable faces one sees every day belong to weaklings who have neglected the physical side of their strength.

Mental weakness follows naturally, and thus it is that few incompetents are physically strong. One seldom sees an athlete in a string of out-of-works, for a man of healthy appearance will always inspire more confidence with an employer than will his brother who has neglected the physical side of his education.

The great majority of successful business men are strong and healthy in body as well as in mind, and an employer will choose a man physically fit before a more experienced person who looks as though he is given to "breaking down."

It is a significant fact that most shady characters are weakly in appearance and stunted in growth. Moreover, a thief seldom has a clear skin.

All of which goes to prove that the effect of physical culture upon the mind is by no means small.

WHERE THE ARMS BENEFIT.

A fairly simple exercise this, but one which requires concentration of attention.

Keep the upper arms rigid.

Standing in an upright posture, raise the left arm from the elbow as far as is possible, and slightly bend the wrist inwards. The knuckles should touch the biceps each time the forearm is raised.

Repeat, say, eight times and then proceed with the right arm for the same number of movements.

Complete the exercise by bending the arms together and then alternately.

All the muscles of the arms and wrists are advantageously affected by the series.

A perfectly upright position must be retained throughout, the head being thrown well back, the shoulders and upper arms kept rigid and the chest considerably expanded.

BUTTERMILK.

Buttermilk cannot be regarded as a pleasant beverage, but there is no denying the fact that it tones the stomach and is an excellent blood-producer.

The effects of buttermilk are entirely distinct from those produced by fresh milk. Chemical experiments show a leaning in favour of the latter, but in actual cases buttermilk has often proved the better.

For gout there is no better remedy, but if a diet of buttermilk is adopted, meat and pastries should be barred.

Where pains in the joints are experienced, buttermilk should be taken in as large quantities as possible, provided, of course, it is freshly churned.

The sour of buttermilk—lactic acid, as it is called—acts on deposits in the blood vessels and clears the blood.

FOR THE LEG MUSCLES.

Standing in an erect position with the arms at the sides and fingers outstretched, slowly raise the lower part of the left leg to a horizontal position.

Take your time about it.

Remain thus for a few moments and then slowly lower the foot to the ground.

Repeat for a given number of times, and then lift the right leg for the same number.

Afterwards alternate.

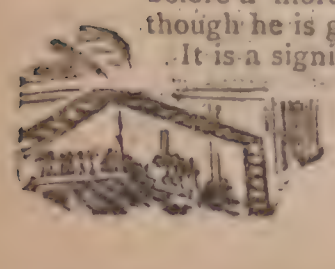
The advantages that the lower limbs derive from this simple movement are obvious, but half the good effects are lost if the exercise is hurried. All the movements must be taken slowly.

The upper parts of the legs should remain motionless throughout.

When you have practised this exercise several times without pausing, introduce a slight variation.

Instead of moving the limbs regularly, remain in the pose illustrated for some little time.

Thus you are able to obtain a reliable estimate of your powers of balance and endurance.



WRESTLING.

There can be no sport—I do not even exc[ept] boxing—that is of such general and lasting be[nefit] as wrestling. In a bout, no matter what partic[ular] style is adopted, there is work for almost [every] muscle of the body.

Yet, despite its acknowledged qualities, [wrest]ling does not enjoy the popularity it deserves.

Perhaps this may be partly explained by [the] fact that wrestling is impossible without [a] space. Home wrestling is well-nigh impos[sible].

Public schools, too, do not pay very [much] attention to this sport, and this may explain [why] it is that so many people never take it up. [Most] men know something of both kinds of [football], cricket, boxing, and such less important [games] as fives, but numbers go right through [their] hood without giving so much as a thou[ght] the sport which requires that every fac[ulty] physical and mental—shall be at concert pi[tch].

There is a real fighting element in wres[tling] such as cannot even be derived from box[ing], still less from any other athletic sport.

Perhaps the sordid commercialism whi[ch] vades our professional wrestling rings has [to] something to do with the failure of the sp[ort] "catch on."

But my sincere advice to anyone who re[ally] at all-round strength and agility is to [take] wrestling in some form, whether it be [the] 'catch-as-catch-can," the "Græco-Roman" [or] even the Ju-jitsu style.

Oatine

Even the keenest razor often irritates the skin. Apply Oat[ine] after shaving—it stops the burning and soothes the sk[in].

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Travelling Time

RUNNING FROM DAYLIGHT INTO DARKNESS

If it should be your lot during autumn and winter to take a long journey by train, you should endeavour to time your departure from the great terminus at an hour round about sunset.

If you are one of those to whom train travelling is an unmitigated nuisance, and at all times a matter of trouble and discomfort, you will find the circumstances abroad even on a busy railway at such an hour are mollifying and even pleasant.

If, however, like the present writer, you are one of those to whom a great railway station and a great railway system are always things to be marvelled at and admired, then you will find in the evening journey many things to enchant the mind and impress the senses.

You have been preparing for your journey during the day, leisurely putting together those things that you will need for business, pleasure, or apparel, and at last, early in the afternoon, all is ready.

TWILIGHT FALLS.

Your bag has gone to the hall to await the taxi; your hand-case for papers, books, and other odds and ends lies on the table at your side; and, in the first gloaming of the evening, you sit beside the fire and enjoy a cup of tea.

In six hours or so you will be at the other end of the country! Your thoughts are perhaps already at the other end of the journey, having eaten train and telegraph, with their wireless speed.

A tap at the door, and you are told that the taxi is there. You see your bag safely taken on to the cab, and away you go.

There is plenty of time, and you are in a mood to enjoy the late afternoon run through the busy streets.

There is a clear pale blue and yellow sky, covered high up by a fringe of deeper smoke; a softness is in the air, and everything is softly veiled in a faint haze.

Here and there a lamp is already alight, but there is really no need for it yet. As you skirt the park you can see right across it to other districts where the same busy and attractive scenes are in progress. This leads you to a sense of the immensity of the city, and the further fanciful idea that six, seven, or eight millions of people are around you, of whom you know nothing, and who knew nothing of you, gives a curious sense of isolation that is not unpleasant.

THROUGH THE STREETS.

Deep into the traffic your taxi dives, taking its turn with the rest, slipping through narrow channels and taking every opportunity. As you whisk along you catch glimpses of other vehicles, women in comfortable furs, looking out on the world with the world at their feet; signs of wealth are everywhere.

But you have no time to moralise on things.

Already the dusk is creeping up the streets, and more lamps are lighted. Then, as you shoot out over a bridge spanning the great river, you catch distant glimpses of long lines of lights along each bank.

Lurid sky signs flash in the murk, and the sky grows yellow and smoky.

With a rattle as the gear is changed, your taxi dashes up the station approach, and, following the porter with your bag, you enter, at a step, a place of night.

All lights are aglow. Thousands of people are hurrying across the open spaces to the waiting trains. They are the masses of workers, running for local trains.

Yours, the long-distance express, stands with more dignity on a separate platform, and the rush does not come that way.

RUSHING THROUGH THE NIGHT.

Surveying the thousands round about, you wonder whether any of them are going your way and your distance.

But you, too, hasten to your train to find a seat in the restaurant-car, and you are hardly settled when the train glides evenly out.

Once again there are traces of daylight. The station lights had given an impression of darkness outside, but still, as you rumble over iron bridges there is a glow in the West, and day still holds out against night.

Not for long, however. Almost insensibly the scenes close in upon you, and by the time that the train has got into its swing and has roared through three or four suburban stations, only a confused mass of flitting lights can be distinguished.

And then, having travelled from daylight into darkness, you settle in your corner, throw your rug about your knees, and take up a newspaper—still in touch with the City and its life as you run at a mile a minute through the darkness.

C. EASTON-GREY.

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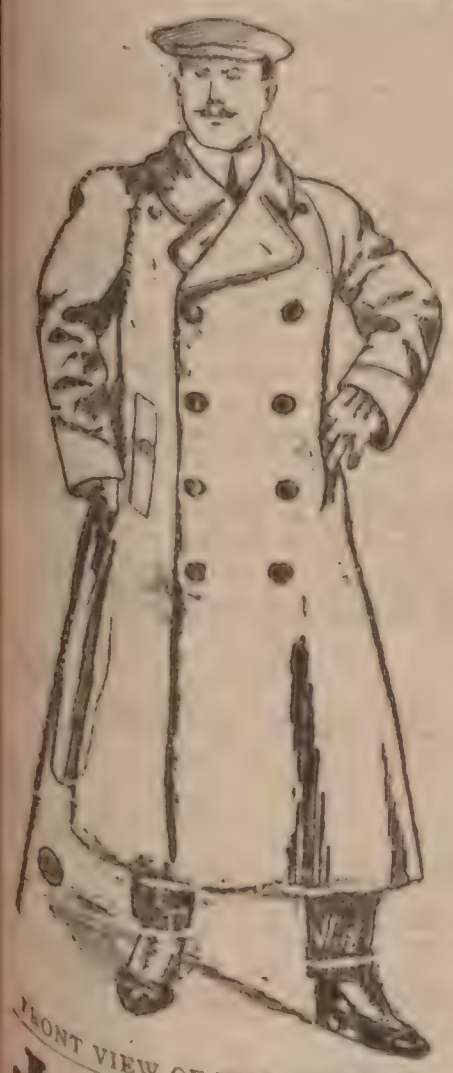

FRONT VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

THE magnificent appearance of the cavalry soldier is largely due to the cut of his Overcoat, or, as he calls it, his "cloak."

Realising this, we requested Captain Saunders, who conducts the "Outer Man" page, to assist us in designing an Overcoat which would be suitable for civilian wear, and which would also embody the distinctive cut of the cavalry Overcoat. He very kindly consented to help us with his advice, and THE MODERN MAN Overcoat is the result.

It is cut very full from the waist downwards, so that it fully protects the knees and legs when travelling by train or motor.

The collar is very deep, giving absolute protection to the neck in the roughest weather.

The back is fitted with a reversed box-pleat, which gives perfect freedom of movement to the shoulders.

A half-belt enables you to bring in the waist as much as you desire.

This is absolutely the finest thing in Winter Overcoats that has ever been offered.

The materials are Irish Friezes, Grey Cheviots, Fleeces, and Blue Beavers, all of the most fashionable texture and colour, and in infinite variety.

For such a coat you would be well served if you were charged five guineas, for it requires much more than the usual amount of material. We shall supply you with one, however, at the astonishingly low price of

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BACK VIEW OF THE OVERCOAT.

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THE PRINCIPLES OF PASSING

SOME HINTS FOR RUGBY PLAYERS.

Passing is nine-tenths of the Rugby game to-day. Even a "forward rush" is nowadays quite as often a passing as a dribbling one. Nevertheless, one sees more bad or indifferent passing than good.

The essentials of a good pass may be summarised as follows, assuming, of course, that the pass is in order and not given from an offside, or to a man offside, or sent forward.

1. It should be easily taken.
2. It should enable the man who takes it to do something advantageous to his side.
3. It should reach the "passee" while he is on the move.

These rules sound simple enough, but comparatively few players observe them.

THREE IMPORTANT RULES.

In regard to the first one often sees a pass sent above a man's head or slung down at his toes. In the former case he is very liable to knock the ball on, which, of course, means the whistle for a "scrum," and as a rule he has to check himself to take the ball.

In the latter case even if he gather the ball he must stop almost dead to do so, and has small chance of getting going again before being collared.

Often the ball is passed behind the man for whom it is intended, and ground may actually be lost by his being collared when he has turned round or run back to take the pass.

Bad passing is usually due to the passer's bad position when getting rid of the ball. When about to pass, the player should hold the ball with both hands in front of him and about waist high also, passing about a foot to two feet in front of him, so that he can take it in his stride, without checking for an instant.

This is how the Welshmen give and take their passes, and it is one of the secrets of their success.

USELESS UNSELFISHNESS.

English passing is improving, but still far too many men in even first-class football pass without rhyme or reason. They are so afraid of being accused of "selfishness," that the moment they get the ball they sling it out regardless of who gets it or where it goes.

An injudicious pass is a source of danger. An opposing three-quarter or half may snap it up and have a clean run through.

If sent to a marked man and he bungles it, the other side are pretty sure to get away. In any case it can do no good.

If you cannot pass to advantage, it is much better to stick to the ball.

Before passing you should be on the point of being collared, and if possible have drawn two defenders on to you. Further, the man to whom you pass should be unmarked, or, anyway, in a position to do something useful.

PASSING TO FULL BACK.

You may not be able to give him a clear run, but it is quite worth while passing if you can give him a reasonable chance of a useful kick into touch or a drop at goal.

As a rule, it is bad play to pass back to the full back, because a fumble on his part may have disastrous consequences, but when you are pressing and the full back is lying well up the field, a pass may give him an excellent chance of dropping a goal, when a three-quarter would be smothered before he could do anything.

The third "counsel of perfection" is that the man taking the pass should be on the move; in the case of a wing three-quarter he should be going almost at top speed.

Time after time, however, you will see a half-back the moment he gets the ball from the scrum sling it straight back to a three-quarter who is standing stock

still. This means that by the time the three-quarter line is on the move the defence is fully prepared.

Except to give a chance of dropping at goal a half should not pass until he has got his three-quarters on the move.

The "passee" should be moving, and he should be able to take the ball without slackening speed. Slow, lobbing passes are no use. Sometimes in a forward passing rush the ball may be practically handed from one player to another, but as a rule a pass should be long, fairly low, and swift.

FEINTING.

A man is not a good passer until he has learned to feint to pass. To do this successfully it is again necessary to carry the ball in front of the body, so that you can threaten to pass to either side.

A half turn in the direction of the man to whom you are pretending to pass will help to deceive the defence, and enable you to slip through them before they are alive to your intentions.

The "reverse" pass is an exceedingly useful manœuvre, especially for wingers.

Men pass, as a rule, in the direction in which they are running. Thus, if a man is running towards the right it is easiest for him to pass outwards to the right, and vice versa when he is going to the left, while if he is running dead straight it is easiest for him, as a rule, to pass from right to left.

REVERSE PASSING.

In reverse passing, however, just the opposite is done. A man running to the right slings the ball across to the left. The defence will have been drawn to the right side of the field, and the left centre or winger may get a clear run in.

The winger has practically always to pass inwards, and it takes a lot of practice to do it successfully, for as often as not the winger will have tucked the ball under his arm.

A very effective passing manœuvre sees the winger and his centre change places. The right centre, we will say, gets away, and passes out to the right winger. He sees that his progress along the touch line is barred and swerves inwards, thus drawing the opposing centre and winger on to him. The centre races up on the winger's outside, takes his pass and has a clear run in as a winger.

A pass back from a line out is often useful, especially when a side are within their opponent's twenty-five.

Nowadays, however, nearly every time the ball is thrown out someone knocks it on for a scrummage.

A good general rule is never to pass within your own twenty-five. Except for experts it is exceedingly dangerous to pass in front of your own goal.

As is the case with amateur fielding at cricket, Rugby players (outside Wales) do not practise passing nearly enough.

TOP-SPEED PASSING.

To give and take a pass well when travelling at top speed calls for perfect unity of hand, eye, and brain, and this perfection is not to be attained without assiduous practice.

This reminds me that a common passing fault is the checking of speed at the moment of passing. Apart from intimating to the enemy your intention to pass, the result is that in most cases the ball goes behind the "passee," or he himself has to check to get it.

Finally, you can pass very effectively with the foot, by kicking across to the unprotected side of the field and then racing up straight ahead of your attackers on the other touch line onside. Only don't shout "Onside!" before you have really passed the football. It is pity but true that this shady "onside" trick became so common that the Rugby Union had to introduce a special rule penalising it.

F. MERTON.

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AT YOUR SERVICE.

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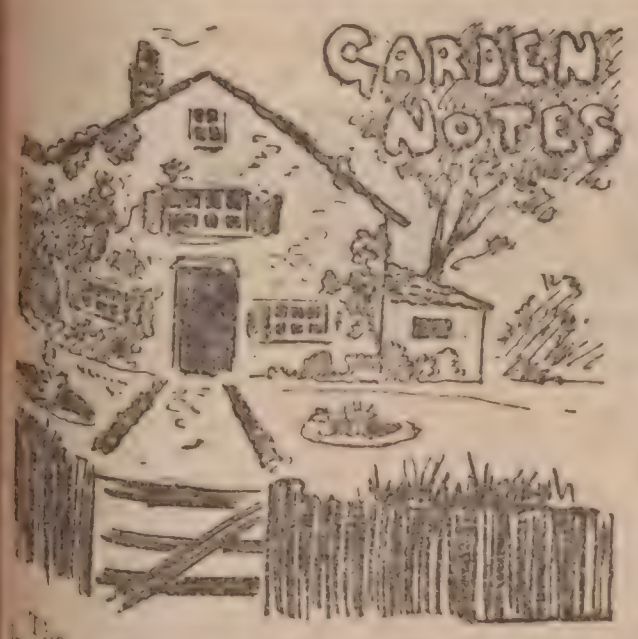

The planting of bulbs is probably occupying the attention of many of my readers just now, and it may be as well to mention that it is often done in such a way as not to give the bulb a fair chance.

Often the bulb is merely pushed into the soil. A little earth naturally falls into the hole above it from the surface, and it is then left as "well and truly" planted. But as soon as the roots of the bulb gain strength they force it out of the ground, since there is practically no earth above it.

If a hole is made with a stick or dibble and the bulb dropped into it, there is, in the first place, the risk that the bulb will be planted on its side, and also the chances are that the hole will not be properly filled with soil.

If the bulbs are to be planted in this way, the best plan is to insert the stick at one side of the bulb and lever it sideways so that it is forced actually under the undisturbed earth behind the hole.

The most satisfactory method of all, however, is probably the simple one of digging a hole with a trowel, dropping the bulb in and pressing down the earth on the top of it.

* * * * * * *

A reader who has devoted a shady corner in his garden to ferns, on finding that nothing else does any good there, writes to ask me when they should be cut down.

Evergreen ferns, or those with green fronds, should never be cut down, but should merely have the dead leaves removed. The deciduous kinds of fern should be cut down as soon as the new fronds begin to appear.

The propagating of ferns by means of seedlings is a difficult process, and the dividing of the roots is more satisfactory. This, however, is best left till the beginning of April, but should be done before the new growth extends too far.

When planting ferns the addition of a little sand and leaf-mould to the soil will be most beneficial.

* * * * * * *

It is now generally admitted by gardeners that worms are useful rather than harmful creatures in a garden, but if present in too great numbers they may become a pest. In a lawn especially, worm-casts are apt to become a nuisance. A useful means of getting rid of worms is to water the lawn or bed with lime water, mixed in the proportion of a quarter of a pound of freshly burnt lime to a gallon of water. This should be well stirred up and then stood for six hours until the water can be poured off without disturbing the sediment.

This soon brings the worms to the surface when they are easily collected and removed.

Lime water is not only harmless to plants but beneficial, as it invigorates them and cleanses the soil.

* * * * * * *

The planting of trees and shrubs should be completed by the middle of this month, and those who are putting in any young flowering trees should not forget the laburnum.

Though it is rather slow in growth it is always most beautiful when in blossom, and is one of the most free-flowering of all hardy shrubs or trees.

Two dwarf laburnums set on either side of the path can be trained into an excellent arch.

The tree needs very little pruning and is especially to be recommended for planting at the back of a border, as it does not throw a heavy shade.

* * * * * * *

The town-dweller often finds it difficult to obtain at a reasonable price suitable materials for the making of a rockery.

Bricks are generally the cheapest and easiest obtained, but they are not particularly beautiful.

It is a simple plan, however, to splash the bricks roughly over with cement, and in this way you will get rugged blocks which make a very presentable rockery when tastefully arranged.

C. B. STAINER.

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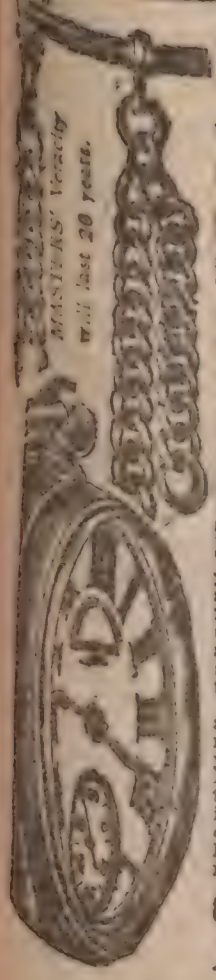

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Hidden Gold!

In this Article the writer briefly shews how the subject of wealth, or its pursuit, has inspired the great romances of past and present authors, proving that the theme is one which makes a powerful appeal to human nature.

ALL the great romances have dealt, one way and another, with gold—hidden gold, buried gold or the pursuit of wealth. The fascination of the theme has been proved by such novels—varied in character as they are—as "King Solomon's Mines," "Treasure Island," "The Count of Monte Cristo," etc. It is because wealth possesses such potential power that novelists so often make it the subject of their romances.

The subject of wealth has inspired the finest imaginative works of past and present writers, and so long as the world goes on it will be so. Life is valueless without ambition; ambition so often means power; and power almost inevitably implies money. Money, therefore, is the great lever in life.

Money is now often made merely by a stroke of the pen. But the secret of making money is what it always was—the use of opportunity. Even to recover buried treasure you must have the opportunity of digging it up. You must know where it is buried.

Hence, when you are told that clients of the National Share Exchange make money—they have received nearly half-a-million (**£500,000**) within a few years—you realise they must have had the opportunity. They have. So have you. Your opportunity is as good as their's was. Below is a coupon. Fill it in and post it. You will then learn how others have made money and how you may. You place yourself under no obligation to go further. But our system for clients has proved itself.

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A MAN'S BUSINESS LIFE.

A professional golfer has, one might almost say, golf on the brain. He thinks about golf, he esteems the men he meets according to their talents on the links.

The Regular soldier does not think very much of the civilian, thinks a little more of the Territorial, but esteems no one very much unless he is in the Regular Army.

These are two instances, but they illustrate an enthusiasm which might almost be called a vice, but which makes a man's calling an integral part of his life.

That a man's business, whatever it is, should be a part of his life is essential, not only to his own happiness, but also to his efficiency in his own particular line of endeavour.

There are many dabblers in business—men who have drifted into one thing or another without having any special liking for it, or who have been forced to take up a particular profession by their parents.

To such men, the time for knocking-off is the only golden moment of the day, and Monday is more hateful to them than the hour for starting another week's work on Monday morning.

Such men are to be pitied, whether the fault lies in their own character, or whether it is due to circumstances.

Take the man who is selling matches or newspapers in the street, and who sells them in a slipshod, hazard way, gets through his work with as little trouble as possible; to him it is only the means of obtaining food and a bed.

Contrast the man who sells matches or papers with his heart, who takes some trouble to find a good position outside a railway station, who always sees that his stock—be it ever so small though it is—consists of the best obtainable, or the very latest editions of the papers, who misses no opportunity for making a sale, and hunts for customers instead of waiting for them to come to him—the latter man is an integral part of the world of business, and his calling, humble though it may be, becomes dignified in his own eyes, and the very fact of it gives him strength and purpose.

I should like my readers to think of the interesting and attractive side of their work, and to become enthusiastic about it.

"Talking shop" is considered very bad manners in conversation, but I have always a great regard for the man who is guilty of it, for it shows that he is enthusiastic about his business.

Enthusiasm makes work light, and, therefore, adds to your capacity for getting through work.

Everyone has a certain amount of strength, and if your tasks are heavy to you, you will not get through so many of them; but if you make them light by means of enthusiasm, the day's work passes very quickly and pleasantly.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE BANK RATE.

The rise in the Bank of England rate to five per cent. has caused a weakness all round on the Stock Exchange, and a consequent falling-off in the business which appeared to be developing at last. This is unfortunate, as it clearly shows that there is no great soundness in the markets.

A VISIT TO MEXICO.

It was generally expected that the Chairman of the Mexican Railway Company would tell the shareholders, at the meeting held on October 20, what he was doing in Mexico for two months recently; but he did nothing of the sort, and, if he had nothing to report as to the result of that long stay, it is to be hoped he will not charge the Company with his expenses.

The Chairman denied that the question of the reorganisation had been considered by the Board, which seems a great pity, as 8 per cent. on the First Preference Stock—costing over £200,000 per annum—is a mistake, and unfair to the Ordinary shareholders.

THE CHARING CROSS BANK.

The immediate dividend to the depositors of the Charing Cross Bank looks like being a very poor one, and, unless some means can be found for the completion of the Atlantic, Quebec, and Western Railway for the benefit of the creditors, the total dividends from the assets will not be much.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. F. (Bury).—If you will send name and address I shall answer you more fully. In the meantime keep your money in your pocket.

L. K. (Bradford).—Your list is a fairly good one. I should prefer 5, 7; the others are far more speculative.

"STAUNCH."—(1) The scheme seems practicable, but it may mean a long wait; better sit tight until there is more evidence of life in the market. (2) No. (3) I have no special knowledge of these shares, but no doubt they would improve with a general advance.

R. V. (Bristol).—You will see that I have complied with your wishes in this week's issue.

W. P. (Manchester).—The prospects of an autumn boom do not at the moment look promising, but, on the Stock Exchange, it is the unlikely that often happens. Do not sell your Mexicans.

J. H. (Newcastle).—Hold the shares.

H. D. (Exeter).—Rhodesians have been rather better supported this last week, but I see little evidence of public buying. Of your list I think Goldfields the better selection.

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OWNERS & OTHERS

AN ARTICLE FOR LOVERS OF THE TURF.

Should the sad day ever arrive that sees my good fountain-pen failing to negotiate the biggest fence before the sporting journalist—the Editor's regrets—I should yet be able to write with truth in whatever new branch of fiction I might then take up, that I was a "friend of owners, trainers, and jockeys." And that is a useful asset to any advertising tipster as everyone knows.

I have come in contact with all sorts of owners from the scion of the aristocracy to the "little" man who trains and rides his own over jumps in the National Hunt season. I have found them all brothers under their skins. But with the exception of the last extreme case I have quoted, they all suffer from the same affliction—the two great fetishes of the Turf that are allied with them in the tipster's glib sentence—"trainers and jockeys."

"BOGEY" HORSES.

If racing were always played absolutely on the straight, it is doubtful whether it would be half so interesting. And although you people who take a casual interest in racing to the extent of a shilling or two each way may not realise it, it is nevertheless true that the owner of "bogey" horses is as much your friend as he is the undoing of the big speculators who seek a precarious living by what is colloquially known as "backing 'em."

The hero on the Turf is not the man who runs his short-priced paper certainties straight, but rather the clever twister, the owner of "bogey" horses, who just occasionally comes home with a twenty to one chance.

The strange law of libel says that I must not set down names, but every man interested in racing knows well enough how the public has been led astray in some of the biggest races of late years. But to all such asseverations there is always the answer "you cannot expect a man to run his horse for the public."

A RUN FOR THEIR MONEY.

Certainly not. But, nevertheless, certain noble owners have frequently done so. Their candidate in a big race goes a little "wrong": he knocks a heel or sustains some such small injury.

But in the instances I am quoting, the owner has not put his pen through the horse's name at the last minute, because the public's money is already on and he knows the outcry there would be if he scratched the horse on the eve of the race.

The bearer of the name of a noble house, deservedly respected throughout the length and breadth of the land, feels it right to give the public a run for their money.

THE STAY-AT-HOME PUNTER.

Sometimes everything turns out all right on the day of the race, and although the knowledgeable metallicians put the animal on offer, the ante-post speculators, the "small" public that lays out a half-crown each way "all in run or not" at the long ante-post odds, have the satisfaction of seeing the animal win in a walk.

But only too often it is not so, and when the stay-at-home punter reads in his evening paper of the running of his "fancy," it seems only too bad to be true—and it is all because the public has been given a run for its money.

A certain member of the "effete aristocracy" suffered for some time because the dignity of his position did not allow him to run horses in selling plates. One after another the products of his stud went down before the classic smashers, while his trainer (one of the severely respectable sort) stood by and wept as each "also ran" was recorded against his horses.

Finally, annoyed beyond measure because the selling-plate men were sporting motor-cars and new gigs as evidences of the success of their S.P. coups, he went to his owner.

"For heaven's sake, my lord," said he, "let your horses run in my name, and put 'em in a selling plate. It's sickening to see all that tuppenny-ha'penny lot doing the grand while not a winner is down to my stable this year."

TRAINER AND OWNER.

His lordship, one of the wealthiest landowners in the kingdom in spite of Mr. Lloyd George, gently and in the best of good taste indicated that whether his horses won or lost was, financially, a matter of indifference to him.

The trainer looked at him in amazement.

"Good heavens, m' lord," he said, tensely. "D'you imagine I was thinking of *you*!"

And that is a new story.

I know another man of similar calibre to his lordship, who, although being by no means what the elect refer to as "oofy," yet has his pride that puts his lowest limit at small handicaps which are a cut above selling plates.

For the purposes of this little anecdote I am forced to call him Mr. Camel, because I trust the British Law as far as I would trust a welsher.

Anyway, this Mr. Camel ran a succession of moderate-class horses in small Metropolitan Park Handicaps, and, although they were all of them popular idols, they rarely finished much nearer than third.

His trainer, an estimable man according to the tenets of the faith that insists on a man "looking after Number One," was in the habit of waiting until the owner got thoroughly sick of their vagaries and then he would come forward with a "sporting" offer to buy the horse or horses at a cat's-meat price.

And the owner would accept.

As sure as Fate the next Saturday or thereabouts, you would see one of the horses in an "overnight selling" at a reasonable weight, because he still held the maiden certificate. And his late owner would have the mortification of seeing him roll home as he liked.

A SUGGESTED NAME.

Now, it happened that at the Doncaster Sales the aforesaid trainer picked up a good two-year-old called "Camel Fleecing."

That night in the bar of the famous "Elephant," the trainer, who was talking "big" about his purchase, asked the company generally to suggest an alternative to "Camel Fleecing," as he did not care for the name which was neither appropriate nor pretty.

"Well," said a "nut," with the tongue of impotent envy. "I see no call for you to hold a blinkin' nomenclature competition. What's precisely wrong with 'Fleecing Camel'?"

BERNARD MACKLIN.

HOME-MADE TRAINING FOR SPORT.

Most men when they take up a sport or athletic game of any kind, generally spend more money on training for it than they do on actual participation in it. But a good many of them would be saved a lot of expense if they realised that whatever form of sport theirs might be, there is some kind of every-day exercise, some form of physical exertion involved in the daily round, which will help them in their training for it.

Take the rowing man, for instance. He is out on the water continually, and he undergoes a lot of expensive training to keep his muscles—especially those of the abdomen—in hard condition. But why not devote a certain amount of time to the prosaic pastime of *digging?* This is a splendid exercise for a great many of the muscles especially called for in rowing and sculling.

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AG CIGARETTE PAPER

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

An Interlude for Selby

By ADAM STERN.

Richard answered the telephone call with a half-abstracted "Hullo?" He was particularly absorbed in the work which lay on the desk before him.

"Hullo, there," he said, after a pause.

No reply being forthcoming, he hung up the receiver.

A few moments later the call was repeated.

"Hullo, who is that? . . . Are you there? . . ." He rattled the instrument. "Hullo. . . . are you there? . . . *Hul-lo-o?* . . ."

"Hang it!" he said, returning to his work.

An interval of a minute, and the bell rang again.

Richard sighed.

Once more he attempted to establish communication, with a like result.

"Damn the telephone!" he said.

Silence, and then another ring.

"Some idiot seems to be amusing himself at my expense," he snapped for Graill's benefit, as he jabbed the receiver to his ear.

Promptly a clear treble voice travelled along the wire, wishing him "Good morning."

"Oh—er—good morning," said Richard, recognising the voice immediately.

"I'm the idiot."

"Oh, *are* you? I mean—very sorry—I didn't know——"

"I was *waiting* to see what you'd do. So that's how you talk to people who ring you up!"

"Not at all," said Richard, defensively. "You see, I'm busy, and sometimes—— What I mean is," he added, making a valiant recovery, "if it had been anyone but *you* disturbing me—playing pranks—I——"

"It's too late to get out of it like that," returned Miss Violet Lyons, maliciously. "Good-bye."

"Here, wait a minute!"

"You said you were busy."

"I'm never too busy to talk to you. Stay there, now; d'you hear! . . . Graill, those cheques have got to be paid into the bank. Take 'em along."

Graill took the hint as well, and effaced himself.

"Now," said Richard.

"Now what?"

"Well, haven't you got something particular to say?"

"No."

The flat assertion produced an hiatus.

"I thought——" began Richard.

"Must one have a *particular* reason before daring to address your Mightiness?"

"No, of course not," said Richard; "but——"

"I'm going now," she said.

"Well, what was the use—I say——"

"Yes?"

"Nothing," said Richard, after deliberation.

"Sure?"

"Quite sure. Good-bye and good riddance."

"I haven't gone yet," she said.

A silence.

"Dad has taken Aunt Christabel to London," she began.

"Oh, yes," said Richard, indifferently.

"She has developed a new ailment and they're anxious to know what it is."

"I'm very sorry to hear it."

"You mustn't be sorry. It's a matter for congratulation. She hasn't had a new one for ages, and it was making her quite miserable."

"Well?"

"And Arthur is in Scotland; so I'm quite by myself. And I was wondering—but of course," she said sympathetically, "you're far too busy."

"Once and for all," said Richard, "I am not busy, I never have been busy, and I never shall be busy. Now what were you going to say?"

"Well"—even now she regretted having to come to the point—"I wondered whether you would like to take me out this afternoon?"

"Done," said Richard. "Sealed and settled. What time?"

"I'm not really coming. I only wanted to know if you would like to."

"What time?" repeated Richard sternly.

"Three o'clock. But, Dick,"—her raillery all at once changed to tender concern—"won't it be very wrong of you? Think of the tremendously important business affairs you'll be neglecting."

"Riding?" pursued Richard inexorably, though he had winced.

"No; walking. It's a perfect day for a walk. . . . But, Dick, dear, if you should miss an order!"

"Oh, shut up," said Richard.

"I should feel awfully guilty if——"

She ended with a splutter of laughter.

Richard rang off.

* * * * * * *

It was a glorious afternoon in late autumn; and as Richard walked along the broad white road which wound through the stately deer-park to the mansion of the Lyons, his steps were springy, his eyes bright; it was good to be alive that day.

Happiness, we are told, is an unconscious state; so soon as we are aware that blissfulness is ours, that very instant springs up an inward sensation of longing, a vague dissatisfaction with one knows not what.

Richard, passing in review all the circumstances of his life, could have given the lie to such craven imaginings. He at least felt no fear of being favoured by the gods. He looked out upon a mellow and tranquil world, and found it very good.

Besides, waiting for him ahead. . . .

She was standing at one of the windows holding the curtain aside, as he drew near, but she vanished from sight as he waved a greeting. A moment later she opened the door herself, and came out on to the terrace, buttoning a glove.

"Well?"

"Well, you," she said.

She descended the steps.

"I've got a fear," she whispered confidentially, "that somebody is going to call. Let's hurry."

"Which way?"

"Not that way"—indicating the one by which he had come. "This."

They skirted the house and set off across the park in the opposite direction, taking a path that would bring them out at the foot of the Clynn Hills about three-quarters of a mile distant.

"There's no fun in doing anything," she confided, "unless you feel you oughtn't to."

"Are you playing truant, then?"

"No, you stupid, I'm pretending. . . . Dad and aunt won't be back till after seven o'clock, and whether or not, I can always do as I like. It's because of that ——. Oh, please don't be sensible, or you'll spoil it all!"

"You *are* a kid," said Richard, with a laugh.

But he was as ready as she to be young; and they chattered on about the most trivial things, interrupting one another, exchanging experiences, letting themselves go without a thought of self-consciousness—just as children will do, or now and then mature people when they are wise enough to take advantage of the hour of golden understanding.

Reaching the confines of the estate, they let themselves through a gate, and there Richard halted.

"Where are we going?" he asked.

To right and left a narrow track followed the line of the palings enclosing the park; in front rose the smooth, strong hill, bare of trees or bushes, mounting up immediately from the path at an angle which rendered climbing no easy matter.

"Up there," she said.

"Over the hill?"

"And down the other side. Then across the fields to Bladon; it's an awfully sweet little village, and there's a lovely little inn where we can have tea; then back along the road."

"But, I say," said Richard; "that must be ten miles."

"It's twelve," she affirmed serenely.

"Are you sure you can walk that far?"

She shook her head.

"Four miles from home," she stated, "I shall collapse by the wayside. Then you'll have to carry me."

"I shouldn't object," smiled Richard; "but seriously ——"

He surveyed the slim, gracile figure in its brown Norfolk costume, with the skirt just the right length—and the brown sensible boots—and all at once he noticed that her teasing expression had fled.

"If ever I hate you for anything, Dick," she said; "it will be for classing me with the weak and helpless women who faint at the least exertion and shriek at the sight of a cow, who aren't good for anything at all, but to sit about in pretty postures, and twitter and peck and scandalise ——"

"Here, hold on," said Richard, concerned.

"Well, I've warned you."

"It is solemnly taken to heart."

"Then . . . I'll race you to the top!" she cried, with sudden return to blithesomeness, and she had gained half-a-dozen yards before he had time to be thankful.

Up they toiled, at a speed which was bound to tell.

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"Don't you dare to help me," she uttered, between gasps.

"I won't," said Richard, mercilessly taking the lead.

A minute or two afterwards, he heard a decisive "*Oh!*"

She had sat down.

"What's this?—half-time?" he called.

"It's steep," she said.

He returned to her.

"Come on," he said, clasping her by the hand.

Within a few paces of the summit, she pulled free, made a spurt—and won.

"See," she said.

"I call that mean," said Richard.

They paused, regaining their breath.

"What a couple of sillies we are!" she exclaimed. "But I don't care. Look at the sun. . . ."

She turned to face it, holding her hat with a hand, her lips parted, her cheeks radiantly flushed. With her skirts blowing about her, her body inclined to the breeze, she stood a feathery lissom thing, poised, as it were, on the earth-line against the sky.

"I love it," she said. "I want to kiss my hand to it."

She did so, and flashed shining eyes to his.

"Shall I tell you something? You must promise me not to laugh. . . . I'm a sun-worshipper. . . . I often come up here at dawn—not really come, but in fancy—and at sunrise I go on my knees. . . . You have to do that; it's part of the ritual; and, besides, you feel you want to. . . . I'm all in white, and my hair is loose, and I lift up my arms . . . and, yes, pray, I suppose. . . . Can't you picture it?"

"Yes," said Richard in a low voice.

"*I* can. It makes me feel ever so queer sometimes—as though I had actually done it one day. . . . Perhaps, I did. . . . And perhaps you were the high priest then, Dick. . . . That would explain a lot of things, wouldn't it? . . ."

She was laughing, but suddenly her expression changed. They looked at each other with odd intentness.

It was as though, for a moment, they saw back . . . saw life in its infinite completion, not a part . . . glimpsed the mystery . . . felt the air about them beating with the wings of invisible possibilities. . . .

They turned with one accord to descend the hill.

"After all," she said presently, as the result of grave thought, "it seems so natural to pray on a hill . . . high up where God can look at you . . . The Pagans used to . . . I wish sometimes——"

"So do I," said Richard, after a silence.

But they did not say what they wished. They did not know.

* * * * * * *

It was past six o'clock and almost dark when they left the inn and the sleepy little village behind them, and set out homewards along the quiet, all but deserted road.

Tea had been taken in a quaint low-ceilinged room, where a bright fire was burning and none had disturbed them—an amazing and delightful ceremony!

They had talked so much then, that they were mainly silent now. It was supremely sufficient to be together . . . to be conscious of one another.

But occasionally they spoke.

Such fragments as this—

From Richard—"I've been trying to make out why we get on so well together. You see—other women . . . I don't mean that I don't like them or take any interest in them; but with *them* . . . What is it? What makes the difference? . . . Why should I have picked out you? . . ."

"That sounds like apples," she complained, making him laugh.

"And anyhow, what can you see in me?"

"Nothing," she said.

"You must do."

"Why must I?"

"Oh, if you're going to argue . . ."

* * * * * * *

A deeper note presently.

"There's *something* that makes it right. I can never get that out of my mind. Some meaning . . . If it weren't so, you and *I* would never—I mean the difference between us—you in your position, I in mine——"

"Miss that, Dick," she said quietly.

"Well, without you . . ." he slowly clenched his hands—"I should go out—like a light. . . . As it is, I want to do things . . . big things . . . bigger than I can tell you, or—imagine. . . . Not for my benefit . . . or for yours, altogether . . . but because——"

"Because," she said simply, with clearer sight than his; "you want to be a better man through knowing me. I want that, too. . . . I think you—are—Dick . . ."

"Am I?" he said humbly.

"It would be a waste of time unless—wouldn't it?"

* * * * * * *

Later, with an air of being fair to everybody——

"Other people have felt the same as ourselves, I suppose."

"Have they?" she said, a trifle doubtfully.

He became doubtful as well. "I don't know. . . . Of course, they may care . . . but . . ."

A long pause.

"But you and I——" he said, quite sincerely.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

SPURIOUS SPORT.

There is a lot of spurious sport to be seen nowadays, by which we mean contests or exhibition bouts wherein the spirit of emulation which alone constitutes real sport is entirely wanting.

Not long ago the writer attended a wrestling match where big prices were charged for admission to see one man lying on his stomach for two hours and a half while the other tried in vain to turn him over. If this is sport, give us spillikins.

There are a good many so-called boxing saloons being started in the metropolis just now where youngsters, powerful but unskilled, are engaged to come and pummel one another for prizes, in most cases entirely imaginary. The men are paid about half-a-crown per bout, win or lose; and consequently they don't care twopence about the contest one way or another.

Good-natured rivalry is the essence of true sport.

CITY LIVERY COMPANIES.

You are in luck's way if you have a City Livery Company for your landlord. A friend of mine is in this fortunate position, and tells me that about once a quarter his landlord—or rather a deputation of him—comes to see him.

The deputation consists of three or four dear old gentlemen, and their one object seems to be to do something for their tenant.

As a rule, it is a struggle to induce your landlord to do anything in the way of repairs, but with my friend's company it is different. The truth is that they have more money than they know how to spend, and are only too glad of an excuse for temporarily diminishing their ever-growing funds.

The senior and richest Livery Company is the Mercers' with an income of £111,000.

In antiquity the Mercers' are followed by the Grocers' but the next richest company is the Drapers', with a total income of £78,000.

The poorest of the twelve great Livery Companies is the Vintners'.

Some of the companies have rather misleading names. For example, many people imagine that the Fletchers' Company is an association of butchers, when in point of fact they are arrow-makers.

Then how many people could tell you at a hand that the "Loriners" are in the saddlery line, being makers of bridles, bits, and spurs?

An invitation to dine with a Livery Company is one worth having. This is not merely for the superlative excellence of the viands and wines, but because the Halls of many of them are full of artistic treasures, while the host is pretty sure to be some distinguished person as the guest of the evening.

Election as Liveryman of a City Company is an important step towards the Civic Chair.

"I have a vacancy for a first-class man."

Writes Mr. H. W. STEVENS, Builder and Decorator, of Stanton Drew, "and as proof of my confidence in the instruction given by the International Correspondence Schools, I wish to fill the vacancy with an I.C.S. student. Will you kindly recommend a suitable applicant at once?"

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BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

S. S. F. (Belfast).—Don't worry about your sisters saluting and all that. Women love a uniform, and sometimes they laugh at it to disguise their real feelings. Good luck, old man.

C. R. G. (Aberdeen).—A post as purser is always difficult to get. Certainly you couldn't have one as a sort of holiday engagement.

E. J. T. (Lewisham).—Think twice before throwing up your present job. Large companies frequently pay low salaries.

M. U. (St. Pancras).—The Sunday Club at Olympia is in existence this season. Subscriptions, we believe, have been raised.

W. H. S. (Peterboro').—We 'phoned all the firms you mention. Some seem to have a peculiar idea as to securing business.

F. C. ARMSTRONG, 26, Osborne Terrace, Clapham Road, London, S.W., wants to meet a reader keen on singing.

E. W. (Weymouth).—The leggings will give you no further trouble if you have the front springs removed and longer ones put in. That will stop the creasing at the ankle. You must remember, however, that spring-fastenings are never much good for riding; they are always ready to come undone if you have a jolt, as when taking a fence.

M. L. R. (Bournemouth).—Common salt dissolved in cold water will often cure indigestion.

J. L. (Leeds).—There are many men who feel rotten after drinking whisky, though they can stand beer all right. In drinks, as in everything else, stick to what suits you best.

C. G. (Warwick).—Have an extra quarter of an inch put on to the heels of your Wellingtons. The regulation height of heel is not enough to make the boots look smart. The tip is one followed by all smart Cavalrymen and by most Yeomen.

E. S. E. (Northampton).—To put on weight, eat as much as you can digest, take plenty of exercise, and don't worry.

F. V. (Highgate).—Wireless telegraphy has already been introduced into the drama. A play entitled "Tracked by Wireless" recently appeared at the Shakespeare Theatre, Clapham.

R. V. D. (Yeovil).—Publishers' binding-cases are no better than those of a local man, and they are probably dearer. Give the local man the entire job and have them bound satisfactorily. Given half a job, a man does his work half-heartedly. Be sure, however, you obtain title pages.

H. J. S. (Wivelsfield).—Chuck that girl. There are others.

S. M. (Harrow).—Oxford won at Queen's Club in 1889-90 by one goal, one try, to nil.

J. H. (Hounslow).—You can get the blade of your safety razor re-set for sixpence.

M. J. (Harwich).—Take some medicine.

L. D. (Kensington).—We regret that we cannot give you Mr. David Cooper's address. We might want him again.

C. G. K. (Brighton).—None of the old photos are available, as they were taken by a groom in the village, who has now gone away. The new ones can be had from the photographers.

J. A. M. (Brentford).—England won the International Bowls championship in 1903 and Scotland in 1904.

G. J. T. (Cardigan).—Don't split straws. It doesn't matter much how you express yourself if your meaning is clear.

R. B. T. (Stoke Newington).—Captain Saunders will deal with the subject in a future number. Don't hesitate to send your queries to him, or to any other of our contributors; they are all at your service.

W. J. T. (Leicester).—Many thanks. Remember, however, that the Yeomanry are not the only people on this earth. Every Territorial should think his own lot the very best, whichever it is. You ought to hear the Editor sometimes about his.

P. C. (Birmingham).—Don't use pipe-clay for the white stripes on your overalls; it will destroy the surface of the cloth. Get a white "cloth-ball," which is the only right thing to use for this job.

L. J. (Kennington).—Lord Dalmeny, Messrs. J. N. Crawford, V. F. S. Crawford, N. A. Knox, H. B. Chinnery, Walker, E. M. Dowson, J. E. Raphael, P. R. May, H. C. McDonnel, with Marshal, Holland, Montgomery, Moulder, Gooder, Goatly; all these seem to have left Surrey recently. Rushby returns next season.

J. G. (Shepherd's Bush).—Ask the Sergeant-Major at the nearest Territorial headquarters.

G. B. (Harlesden).—We are constantly printing exercises for the development of the legs. If, after practising these for a reasonable time, you find no improvement, you had better write to Professor Inch.

G. H. F. (Barrow-in-Furness).—Don't go by what these papers say. Don't you remember an article we printed on "Blackmailing Papers"?

F. EDMOND, 11, Oakfield Terrace, Bedwas, Mon., wants to hear from any reader who has used road skates, Roller or Winslow.

J. L. (Birmingham).—Better have a few practical lessons in ju-jitsu; you can hardly learn it from books.

E. T. (Hornsey).—Very naughty stories, sir. We could hardly print them, but we shall remember them for our next smoker.

E. G. (Hull).—Dear young lady, it is very kind of you, but it happens that the Editor is already "booked."

J. F. (Inverness).—A wristlet watch must be a good one if it is going to keep anything like correct time. Think of the bumps it gets. Probably the trouble with yours is that you paid too little for it. Scrap it, and buy a better one; they are most useful.

G. G. B. (Warrington), **P. H.** (Middlesborough), **A. M.** (Cheetham Hill), **A. C. T.** (Amble), **F. K. A.** (Windermere), **F. S.** (Conisbro'), **C. E. I.** (Wandsworth), **A. E.** (Seacombe).—Best thanks to you.

GET RID OF YOUR FAT.

I have cured over 5,000 patients, and can cure you.

TO BE TOO FAT IS TO BE UNHEALTHY.

I have put aside 1,000 full-size packages for free distribution, so that too-fat readers may give my remedy a fair trial

NO CURE—NO PAY.

Fatness, or Obesity, is acknowledged to be one of the most prevalent disorders of the day, but whether it is due in your case to hereditary influences or not, I can cure you in exactly the same way in which I have cured 5,000 other patients.

Obesity is a Perversion of Nutrition. Instead of the food you take being turned into useful tissue, by which you can enjoy good health, it becomes a means of building up what is called adipose tissue, which is worse than worthless, for it makes the sufferer unsightly in appearance and unwell in health.

The ordinary state of the organs found in fat people is that the **lungs are small, the heart and liver large, and infiltrated with fat,** with degeneration of the muscular fibres, the intestines often being dilated, the kidneys small, and the pancreas largely developed. "Corpulence," as Hippocrates pointed out, is thus "not only a disease itself, but a harbinger of others."

The fat man or woman ails without, perhaps, any obvious cause. It is common for them to suffer from frequent catarrh, colds, and diarrhœa. The circulation is enfeebled, due to a weak heart, and they are troubled by congestion of the ill-supported tissues, such as the mucous membranes, with the result of many derangements of function.

The Accumulation of abnormal fat is a disease. And that it is common is no reason for you to ignore or neglect it in your case. HEART FAILURE, RUPTURE OF THE HEART, ANGINA PECTORIS, and URÆMIA are among the dangers to which the Obese are liable, and from which they frequently die. I ask you, therefore, to escape such a fate by writing to me for advice. Medical men have, on their own admission, been so far baffled for

A REAL AND EFFECTIVE CURE

that will bring in its train no other injury to the patient's system. I know I have found a cure at last. I know what it has done for thousands of others, and I know it will do the same for you. All you need do is to write me to-day, and you will receive my book, which will be of invaluable service to you, by return post, free of charge.

The too fat cannot enjoy the pleasures of life as they should; man and woman alike will benefit from a course of my treatment.

This Lady lost 54lbs. in weight during a 6 Weeks' Course of my Treatment.

14 DAYS' FREE TREATMENT.

I feel that, no matter how many other remedies and treatments you have tried, you will be willing to give mine a trial, if I can undertake to send you this trial entirely at my own expense. Therefore, I make the following offer to every reader who has any superfluous fat to get rid of, or who realises that he or she has a tendency to fatness.

I will send securely and privately packed, to any reader who forwards me 3d. for postage, a full-size fortnight's package of my remedy free of charge. If you are troubled with any form of obesity, such as

General or Local Fatness	**Shapeless Limbs**	**Husky, Weak Voice**
Double Chin and Flabby Cheeks	**Faults of Figure**	**Aged Appearance**
Ungainly Hips	**Physical Incapacity**	**Lack of Energy and Strength**
Protruding Abdomen	**Shortness of Breath**	**Chronic Lassitude**

avail yourself of my offer to-day. You will quickly discover that you can get rid of your fat at the rate of from 3 to 7 pounds per week. All my experience as a Fatness Specialist has proved that when anyone has the above symptoms of true obesity there is one, and only one, cause of all the trouble. That cause lies in a certain peculiar deficiency of those parts of the system connected with the digestive and eliminative processes.

You will not have to wait for weeks, or even days, before deriving benefit. You will experience at once a wonderful feeling of lightness and brightness; you will be able to walk longer distances without being fagged; your heart will beat more regularly; and your breathing will be better. I can only send one package for each person.

Confident of the truth of these statements, I make the following offer:—

No. 1.—I will send you a course of Treatment sufficient for **fourteen days,** together with my book entitled

No. 2.—**"Obesity, Cause and Treatment,"** published at 1s.

No. 3.—Copies of and extracts from letters of satisfied patients.

FREE

All I ask on your part is to enclose threepence with your application, to cover cost of postage, &c. My book explains my theory of scientific flesh reduction fully. It cannot be described in detail here, but the following are a few of the contents

1. Peculiar to Womanhood	6. Nervous Exhaustion
2. Increased Will Power	7. Heart Troubles
3. Obesity and Marital Unhappiness	8. Obesity and Liver Congestion
4. The Voice Improved	9. Revival of Physical Vigour
5. Diseases of Kidneys, Liver, and Bladder	10. Liability to Contagious Diseases
	11. Gout and Rheumatism
	12. Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever
	13. Head Noises and Deafness
	14. Effect on the Eyes
	15. Climacteric Period
	16. Obesity and Insomnia
	17. Warnings of Apoplexy

Write now, and immediately my book will be sent to you, together with two weeks' free treatment. ADDRESS—

A. GORDON WALLACE, 60, Kingsway House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CITY FASHIONS.

During the last few years an almost imperceptible change has come over the fashions of City business men. True it is that there yet remain large numbers of tall hats and tail coats, but the City men have gradually awakened to the fact that comfort as well as precedent should be studied in the matter of dress.

The man who ventures into a strictly "respectable" office is not glared at if he dares to wear a lounge suit—in fact, the heads of businesses have been the first to adopt an easier style of clothing.

During the summer months quite a number of flannels and straws could be seen from the Mansion House steps, and next summer it is possible that a still greater move towards the all-round adoption of rational garments will be taken.

But it must not be forgotten that the tail coat has many advantages. A few must always remain true to it, for no one can deny that some men owe much of their stately and business-like appearance to the top hat and tail coat.

The great thing is, however, that it is no longer considered bad form to appear at the office in an easy and comfortable lounge suit.

WATCH-CHAINS AND RINGS.

A letter from a correspondent reminds me that I have not recently commented upon the very important matter of watch-chains which, though not exactly articles of dress, nevertheless come within the title of "The Outer Man" and have a great deal to do with a man's appearance.

At the outset it is as well to state that a good price should be paid for a gold chain. My correspondent mentions £3 10s.—a very reasonable figure.

Cheap gold chains are invariably frauds—they are in the same street as cheap gold watches. In Fleet Street and the Strand there are several windows which purport to contain at sensational reductions, unredeemed pledges in the form of gold chains.

It is rather surprising to note that nearly all the chains are of some special pattern, of which the window contains a large selection. How a number of different people could have pawned precisely similar watches and chains at the same shop, I will not attempt to explain.

Thus it is not often advisable to purchase gold second-hand.

As regards style, this is a matter to be decided upon mainly by the individual. It is only necessary to say that the simpler and less intricate the chain, the more suitable it is for a man's wear. There is no chain made that looks better than a plain gold albert.

It is never worth while to go to the expense of a double chain. With the aid of an extra gold ring and perhaps an extra link, a single chain will be found long enough to stretch from pocket to pocket.

While on the subject of jewellery, several have written desiring my opinion on the matter of rings.

I have strong views on this subject and contend that men should not go in for precious stones, or, at least, not coloured ones. A plain signet is most suitable.

MEASURING YOURSELF.

I have frequently been asked by readers whether it is really possible to measure oneself and to get a satisfactory fit by post. I can only say that I have done it successfully myself when a prolonged absence from town has made it necessary to order a new suit by post and I have not been able to trust the measurements that my tailor already had.

There are now several first-class tailors in London who specialise in this form of business and enable the man in the country to get London style and London value.

Everyone knows that the best materials that are made go to London. I was examining, the other day, some of the cloths of which Messrs. C. and G. McKinley, the well-known tailors of 7, Gresham Street, E.C., make their overcoats and suits, and I am confident that nowhere in the provinces could better stuff be obtained at the same price, even if one overlooks the fact that the London tailor puts a finish and style into his work that the provincial man can never quite achieve.

It is a simple matter to measure yourself or to get a friend to measure you when you have a self-measurement chart to go by, and the London tailor, if he is a genuine man, invariably undertakes to give you a satisfactory fit or to return your money.

180 Collars 1/
A clean collar every day for six months

This sounds ridiculous, but it is true. The new process of "Lin-Glossing" your collars makes it possible. An ordinary linen collar which is Lin-Glossed can be washed every morning with a wet sponge. It can be worn for a month before it requires another treatment of "Lin-Gloss."

Lin-gloss

You simply put it on your collar and cuffs. It produces a china gloss that can be washed with a wet cloth. **Lin-Gloss** does not damage the linen. It cannot be seen on the collar. Its use saves linen—remember your collars are worn out in the wash. To wash and dress 180 collars will cost you 15s. Why not send 1s. P.O. to-day and one penny stamp postage for a bottle of **Lin-Gloss**—six months' supply—and just see how much you can save on your laundry bill?

THE LIN-GLOSS CO., Dept. 53—58, Cheapside, London, E.C.

Overcoat Appearance

counts for much. It is the last garment to be put on and the first to be seen and commented on. Wear a "McKinley" built overcoat, and you can have the utmost confidence in your appearance. Style, character, and exceptional quality of material and workmanship belong to the "McKinley" garments. Yet the "McKinley" prices compare favourably anywhere.

Overcoats (to measure) 21/- to 37/6
Suits „ 25/- to 42/-

No extras. Genuine Scotch and English Materials. Correct West-End Styles. We refund your money in full if you are not completely satisfied.

Send a postcard to-day for "Booklet M.N.," our splendid range of Free Patterns, Fashion Plates, Self-Measurement Chart, and Tape-Measure.

Write or call—

C. & G. McKINLEY, Tailoring Specialists & Men's Wear Experts.
Tailoring Dept.: 7, GRESHAM STREET, LONDON, E.C.

ONE PRICE and the same exceptional value for our customers over the world. Wherever you live we guarantee satisfaction, splendid value and perfect-fitting garments whatever style you choose. We make the clothes, Suits the cloth, we make the clothes, Suits to measure from **21s.** to **55s. CLOTH** supplied from **2s.** yd. Patterns and style book, together with full information of carriage and duty to any part of the world, post free.
C. E. BRIERLEY & CO., 33, Station Street, HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.

We Supply High-class Second-hand, and "Mis-fit" New. Gentlemen's, Youths', and Boys' Clothing, &c.

LET US CLOTHE YOU

Mackintoshes, Underwear, and Footwear. Clothing in Excellent Condition Bought. Good Price Given.
ADDISON, 40, REGENT SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Do you pay too much for your clothes?

In the ordinary way you have to bear your share of heavy rents of tailors' shops. By dealing with us you get not only superior material and cut but better suits for less money than you would have to pay your tailor. If you prefer, we will supply real Yorkshire cloths for the latter to make up for you. Either way you will save money. Suits from 29/6, lengths from 10/-, post free.

Write for Free Patterns, Measurement Form, and Design Book.

GROVES & LINDLEY, 25, Lion Buildings, HUDDERSFIELD, ENGLAND.

Why not have your Clothes cut by the man who fitted the **King?**

There is a Distinction about our DRESS SUITS which even Bond Street cannot surpass.

The undeniable perfection of our cut and style are steadily winning over to our side men who have for years remained faithful to West-End "sartorial artists." They realise two points:—

1. **Our cut, style and materials are identical with those of Bond Street.**
2. **Our prices are much lower.**

Our Price for a Dress Suit, Silk faced and Silk lined - - - 84/-

Patterns and Self-measurement Form forwarded free.

We return your money in full without question or argument if you are not thoroughly satisfied.

J. & H. ELLIS,
201, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.
Right opposite the Law Courts.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietors, THE MODERN MAN, LTD., by THE UNITED PRESS, LTD., 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C. Annual Subscription 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.
In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co." with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

For Sale. Gent.'s evening dress suit; latest cut and style; cost £4 4s.; only worn twice; 35s. or nearest offer; height, 5ft. 10½in.; chest, 36½in.; waist, 32in.; leg, 32in.—Box 3,830, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Coat-hanger and trouser-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3190, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Always well-dressed on 1s. a year. "Clothclena" removes stains, shine, and shabbiness from suits thoroughly, easily, and instantly. Modern men delighted. Bottle 1s. post free.—Manager, Central Laboratory, Perth.

Mackintosh, nearly new, worn once, 35in. chest; bargain, accept 13s. 6d.—Box 3716, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brown suit, chest 34in., height 5ft. 4in., 7s. 6d.; warm grey overcoat, 10s. 6d.—Box 3780, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Trouser hangers. A real bargain, few to clear; will take three pairs; 7d. each, post free.—Box 3650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mackintosh, in perfect condition, brand new, no use for same, 38in. chest, accept 16s.—Box 3781, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For up-to-date tailoring at keen prices for cash see Mc. Kinley's advt., page 24.

The well-dressed man, and the man that wants to look smart, should read Lin-Gloss & Co.'s advertisement, page 24.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

For sale, full-size bell tent, bargain. 20s., also pair Brampton roller skates, 17s. 6d. (cost 27s. 6d), or would exchange either, both, or part exchange for either good melodeon, ¼-plate camera, sporting coat (chest 37—must be Ellis's make), or strong double-ended punch ball and chest expander.—Box 3813, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Punching-ball, complete, fine quality, double ended, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d., condition as new.—Box 3580, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Albert Smith, expert in the manufacture of fishing rods, reels, lines, hooks, and general tackle, is now supplying anglers in all parts of the world direct from his new factory. Catalogues free.—Only address, Albert Smith and Co., Dominion Works, Redditch, Worcs.

Skates. Roller-skates, all sizes, new, adjustable; accept 2s. 9d. per pair.—Box 3653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Complete set of boxing gloves, brand new, never been used, cost 12s. 6d.; accept 8s. 6d.—Box 3581, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Pair Union hardware skates, size 10, as new, sacrifice 6s.; cost 21s.—Box 3814, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Football, brand new this season, never been used; take 6s. 6d., a bargain.—Box 3600, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

CYCLES, &c.

Exchange light-weight motor cycle, anything useful; sell £6 10s.—Box 3793, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Modern Illustrations.—A vacancy occurs for smart youth, with good knowledge of line and wash drawing, for Press illustrations. A small premium required, which will be returned in salary.—Apply, with specimens, to the Penart Studios, 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The great and well-known firm of Lin-Gloss are offering sole buying rights for their well-known patent article "Lin-Gloss." £5 per week easily earned, with very little trouble and no outlay.—Full particulars, write Agency Dept., The Lin-Gloss Co., 58, Cheapside, E.C.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

What offers, guinea Tudor folding pocket Kodak, good condition, ¼-plate, also all accessories; anything useful.—Box 3818, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, camera, ¼-plate or ½-plate, lens, Zeiss, Goertz, or similar make, about *f*/5, for portrait work, with accessories. Details, lowest price.—Box 3819, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Punch Library of 24 books and oak shelf, £3; splendid condition.—Box 3810, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sloan-Duployan Shorthand saves a year's study and leads to highest speeds; learned in twelve lessons; interesting handbook free.—Shorthand Association, Grosvenor Road, London, N.

For Books, see Davies and Widdowson's advertisement, page 19.

For journalistic work, see Literary Correspondence College advertisement, page 17.

FINANCIAL, &c.

Twenty shares Premier Rinks, Limited; 10 Rochester and District, Limited; 6 Hammersmith Rink, Limited. All £1 fully paid. What offers?—Box 3812, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Silver mine (Mexico), 8 fully-paid shares; 17s. per share, or nearest offer.—Box 3810, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, sole rights good selling line for mail order business, or patent rights bought right out.—Box 3766, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, Provident bonds with about £30 per £100 paid on. State lowest cash price.—Box 3822, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, genuine article, suitable for mail order business; must show good profit.—Box 3823, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, 50 fully-paid £1 shares, paying 5 per cent., old-established clothiers. What cash offers?—Box 3824, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman offers 10 per cent. interest for the loan of £100, repay in 12 months, to run a genuine and profitable business; highest references.—Box 3825, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, cheap, 500 fully-paid £1 shares in a large oil company, or will exchange for property.—Box 3826, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£200 British Homes house purchase certificate, £57 10s. paid in to date, bonuses and interest to be added; will accept reasonable offer for immediate sale.—Box 3827, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Fifteen 7½ per cent. preference and 10 ordinary shares (£1) in established City company; must sell, bargain, 17s. 6d. each.—Box 3828, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

£30 wanted immediately, three months; will give £35; undeniable security.—Box 3829, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 3584, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Piles, marvellous cure for; receipt P.O. 1s. 1d.—Write in first case to Box 3585, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 3586, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

Magnificent zither banjo, cost £8 8s., concert instrument, splendid condition, 55s.; case included.—Box 3795, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

A good sporting dog, crossed greyhound and terrier: catch hare or rabbit and retrieve, also makes good watch-dog; age two years; sacrifice £1.—Box 3811, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brindle bulldog for sale; perfect companion, no vices; 25s. to good home.—Box 3803, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Conjuror's and illusionist's secrets, list 1d.—Wilson, 323, New Hey Road, Bradford.

To Artists.—Wanted, original ideas for posters and Press advertisements, smart drawings in line, wash, and colour. A modern fashion artist also required.—Apply, with specimens, to the Penart Studios, 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

2/6 SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/-
With extra blades, complete in case; excellent quality; marvellous value. Send to-day. P.O. 1s. 1d., post free.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Thermos Flask, leather covered, with strap, cost 21s., accept 15s. 6d. or nearest offer; quite new, never been used.—Box 3090, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A golden offer. Gent's tie-pin, exceptionally handsome, 1s. post free.—J. Treasure and Co., 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

Astrology reveals planet's influence on courtship, marriage, business speculation, &c. Send birth-date and 1s. order for test horoscope. Two years' guide added.—Prof. Mercury (L.K.), Llandaff, Glam.

1,000 Gent.'s watches to clear.—Marvellous offer. Gent.'s simulation gold keyless watch, guaranteed perfect timekeeper, with free gift of double simulation gold albert, 3s. 6d., postage and packing 3d. extra.—J. Treasure, 16, Caldecot Road, London, S.E.

PAWNBROKER'S: CLEARANCE: SALE.
Send for List of 1,500 Absolutely Genuine Bargains, Post Free to any Address.
Astounding Value. All Goods on Approval.

12S. 6D.—Field, Race, or Marine Glasses, £4 4s. Binocular, as used in the Army; 10 achromatic lenses; 50 miles range; shows bullet mark at 1,000 yards; perfect definition; saddler-made case; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

10S. 6D.—Gent.'s heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect timekeeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40-inch breast, never worn; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

19S. 6D.—Gent.'s £4 4s. Fashionable dark brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31½in.; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval.

£1 1S.—Gent's £5 5s. solid silver real English hall-marked Lever Watch, examined by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London, high-grade movement, highly tempered unbreakable mainspring, timed to a few seconds a month, ten years' written warranty; also, gent.'s solid silver English hall-marked massive curb Albert, with silver compass attached; three together, sacrifice £1 1s. Approval willingly.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.

French, German, or Spanish by Post for a Penny a Day.

For more than 30 years MR. HUGO and his Staff have been teaching Languages and studying the difficulties of many thousands of pupils. His new Self-Tuition Course is the result of daily experiment to one end—to make Languages easy of acquirement, to teach ONLY WHAT IS REALLY ESSENTIAL, and to teach that thoroughly. This Course gives a practical mastery of the important part of the language in an incredibly short time.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SPEAK

FRENCH, GERMAN, OR SPANISH?

IT IS SO EASY IF YOU TAKE

HUGO'S 1910 SELF-TUITION COURSE BY POST.

2s. 6d. MONTHLY FOR ONE YEAR

Is not an expensive way of acquiring a foreign language.

For this 30/- (Ten per cent. discount for cash) **you at present get:**

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